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THE WOOSTER FOURTH READER

WOOSTER & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO, ILL.

EDUCATION DEPT.

THE WOOSTER FOURTH READER

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

BY

LIZZIE E. WOOSTER

WHEAT FIELD—KAY COUNTY, OKLAHOMA

1907
WOOSTER & COMPANY
SCHOOL BOOK PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO, ILL.

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LIZZIE E. WOOSTER
EDUCATION DEPT.

FOR THE TEACHER.

"To read well is to speak well, think well, and understand well."

To read well the pupil needs a wide acquaintance with words. Readers should give this in a systematic way and at the same time give interesting and instructive subject matter.

The Fourth Reader is too often a mere book of selections with no consideration for the pupil's ability to read and frequently is so much more difficult than the Third Reader that the pupil is thoroughly discouraged at the very beginning. The numerous new and difficult words only serve to confuse and produce a hesitating, stumbling attempt at reading, neither a benefit nor a pleasure to the pupil.

The lessons in this book have been selected and arranged with great care, bearing in mind such words as the pupil has heretofore mastered, together with such new words as will enable the pupil to continue the word-mastery and growth of a carefully selected vocabulary.

The new words in each lesson appear above the lesson diacritically marked, and the most difficult words are defined. At this period of the pupil's school-life the dictionary should be used to some extent for both markings and definition of words.

A wide acquaintance with our language is possible only to those who acquire the habit of word-mastery during school-life and continue it through life.

Words are the foundation for our growth in knowledge and the door to our mind.

541804

Let "make haste slowly" be the watchword; better one lesson well mastered than forty stumbled over. The mechanic never handles the new and foreign tool with grace and ease, and so with the pupil and the new words. All new and difficult words must first be mastered, then cultured reading is possible.

Poor reading may be much lessened by aiding the pupil to a proper method of study.

One good reader well mastered is of more value to the pupil than many dozen supplementary readers slightingly gone over. Superficial reading can only result in putting a superficial value on reading.

This book contains good literature from many of the best authors.

One special feature in the arrangement of the selections is that the poems following the prose as a rule continue the thought and enforce the essential features of the prose selection.

Little biographic matter is given. The interest of the pupil should first be in what he reads, the interest in the author will follow later.

The illustrations were photographed from life and nature, therefore are true to the subject. Neither trouble nor expense has been spared to secure them. Many having been secured through the kind help of our government officials, foreign representatives of other countries and the various transportation companies.

It is hoped the illustrations will prove both interesting and instructive.

The subject matter of the selections represents Literature, Agriculture, Animal Life, Geography, History, Physiology, Science, Ethics, Songs, Fables and Narratives.

LIZZIE E. WOOSTER.

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PHONIC CHART.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

ā	as	in	ātę	ī	as	in	gīrl
ă	"	"	ăt	ō	"	"	ōld
ä	"	"	ärm	ŏ	"	"	ŏn
ạ	"	"	ạll	ọ	"	"	tọ
ȧ	"	"	ȧsk	ȯ	"	"	lȯvę
ạ	"	"	wạs	ô	"	"	ôr
â	"	"	âịr	ọ	"	"	wọụld
ē	"	"	mē	ō	"	"	lā′ bōr
ĕ	"	"	ĕgg	ū	"	"	ūsę
ê	"	"	thêrę	ŭ	"	"	ŭp
ē	"	"	hēr	û	"	"	fûr
ẹ	"	"	thẹy	ụ	"	"	pụt
ī	"	"	īçę	ụ	"	"	rụdę
ĭ	"	"	ĭt	ōō	"	"	mōōn
ï	"	"	mȧ çhïnę′	ŏŏ	"	"	lŏŏk

oi as in oil, unmarked. ou as in out, unmarked.

The modified long vowels in unaccented syllables are indicated by the MODIFIED MACRON (ˉ), thus:—

ā̇	as	in	ęlī′mā̇tę	ī̇	as	in	ī̇ dē′ȧ
ē̇	"	"	ē̇ rĕęt′	ō̇	"	"	ō̇ bẹy′
				ū̇	"	"	ū̇ nītę′

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EQUIVALENT VOWEL SOUNDS.

ā	=	e̱	as	in	the̱y̸	ŏ	=	ạ	as in wạs̱
ạ̣	=	ô	"	"	ôr	ŭ	=	ȯ	" " lȯve̱
â	=	ê	"	"	thêre̱	û	=	ẽ	" " hẽr
ē	=	ï	"	"	vȧ lïse̱′	û	=	ĩ	" " ḡĩrl
ẽ	=	õ	"	"	lā′ bõr	o͞o	=	o̤	" " to̤
ī	=	ȳ	"	"	flȳ	o͝o	=	ọ	" " wọu̸ld
ĭ	=	y̆	"	"	bā′ by̆	o͞o	=	ṳ	" " rṳde̱
ĩ	=	ẽ	"	"	hẽr	o͝o	=	ụ	" " pụt
oi	=	oy	as	in	boy	ou	=	ow	as in owl

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

ç	as	in	çĭt′ y̆	ġ	as	in	ġĕm
ɛ	"	"	ɛăt	s̱	"	"	ĭs̱
ḡ	"	"	ḡĕt	ṉ	"	"	thĭṉk
				th	"	"	thĕm

EQUIVALENT CONSONANT SOUNDS.

s	=	ç	as	in	nīçe̱	f	=	ph	as in Rălph
k	=	ɛ	"	"	ɛăt	ks	=	x	" " ŏx
j	=	ġ	"	"	ġĕm	sh	=	çh	" " mȧ çhïne̱′
z	=	s̱	"	"	ĭs̱	kw	=	qu	" " quīte̱
ng	=	ṉ	"	"	thĭṉk	gz	=	x	" " ĕx ĭst′

PUNCTUATION MARKS USED IN PRINTING AND WRITING.

. Period
: Colon
; Semicolon
, Comma
? Question Mark, or Interrogation Point

! Exclamation Point
- Hyphen
" " Quotation Marks
' Apostrophe
= Equality Marks
— Dash
( ) Parenthesis

DIACRITICAL MARKS.

Macron ā as in āte
Breve ă " " ăt
Two Dots ạ " " ạll
One Dot ȧ " " ȧsk
Cedilla ç " " çit y
Tilde, or Wave ẽ " " hẽr
Caret â " " âir
Suspended Bar s̱ " " ĭs̱
Modified Macron ā̇ " " ɛli′mā̇tɛ̣
Silent letters are marked thus, ɛ̣ as in atɛ̣.

DEFINITIONS.

Reading is the art of getting ideas from the printed or written page.

Oral Reading is the art of uttering ideas understandingly, correctly, and effectively.

A Word is a spoken or written sign of an idea.

A Letter is a written or printed character used to represent an elementary sound.

An Elementary Sound is the simplest sound of our language.

The English Alphabet contains twenty-six letters.

LETTERS in respect to their *form* are divided into *small* and *capital letters*.

LETTERS in respect to their *sounds* are divided into *vowels* and *consonants*.

A Syllable is a word, or part of a word, that is uttered by one impulse of the voice.

Accent is an increased force of the voice upon one or more syllables of a word.

Primary Accent is the principal accent, marked thus (′).

Secondary Accent is a slight, or less forcible, accent, marked thus (′).

Punctuation is the use of certain marks or characters to aid the reader in understanding the thought of the writer.

A Period (.) is placed after every telling sentence, or commanding sentence, an abbreviation, a title of a selection, or the initial letter of a name.

EXAMPLE.—The sun is bright. Close the door quietly. Mister=Mr. The Grateful Swan. A. Lincoln for Abraham Lincoln.

A Colon (:) is used after such as the following:—

Ex.—The boy had the following articles: one knife, a top, six marbles, etc.

A Semicolon (;) is used when statements are united in a long sentence.

Ex.—Work is no disgrace; but to be idle is wicked.

A Comma (,) is used to separate words to make the sense clearer.

Ex.—George, Henry, and James went home.

A Question Mark, or **Interrogation Point,** (?) is placed after a word or sentence used to ask a question.

Ex.—Has he gone? Where is my book?

An Exclamation Point (!) is placed after a word or sentence used to express strong feeling.

Ex.—Alas! we are lost.

A Hyphen (-) is used to connect the parts of a compound word, or to show that part of a word is carried to the next line.

Ex.—Odd-looking. That boy out in the street will provoke a quarrel.

Quotation Marks (" ") are used to inclose the exact language of another.

Ex.—The man said, "John is a good boy."

An Apostrophe (') is used to show ownership, or that a letter or letters are left out of a word.

Ex.—John's book. I'll, for I will.

Equality Marks (=) show that two or more signs or characters are equal.

Ex.—oi=oy as in boy.

A Dash (—) is used when some change in the thought occurs.

Ex.—Yes, I can go—no, now that I think of it, I cannot go.

Parentheses ( ) inclose a word or words used to explain.

Ex.—The boy (Henry Brown) is coming today.

A Caret (^) is used in writing to show that something has been left out.

town
Ex.—James went to yesterday.
^

A Simple Word is a single word, and may be either primitive or derivative; as, *man, kindly.*

A Compound Word is one that is composed of two or more simple words: as *odd-looking, writing-book.*

A Primitive Word is one which is not derived from any other word; as, *great, boy.*

A Derivative Word is one which is formed from some other word by adding something to it, or by changing the word; as, *greatness, capture.*

A Monosyllable is a word of one syllable; as, *joy.*

A Dissyllable is a word of two syllables; as, *great ly.*

A Trisyllable is a word of three syllables; as, *joy ous ly.*

A Polysyllable is a word of four or more syllables; as, *ex ceed ing ly, in com pre hen si ble.*

The Root of a word is the primitive part, or that part which is not derived from any other word; as, *man,* in the word *man ly.*

A Prefix is a syllable or combination of syllables joined to the beginning of a primitive word; as, *un* in *un kind, dis* in *dis agreeable.*

A Suffix is a syllable or combination of syllables joined together to the end of a primitive word; as, *ly* in *woman ly, ing* in *play ing.*

An Affix is either a prefix or a suffix.

Phonetic Spelling is uttering, in their proper order, the elementary sounds of which a word is composed.

Elocution is the expression of thought and feeling by voice and action.

Orthoëpy is the art of correct pronunciation, or utterance of words.

Pronunciation is the act or mode of uttering words or parts of words.

Orthography treats of letters, syllables, and words, and teaches correct spelling.

Syllabication is the proper division of words into syllables.

A Vowel is a letter which represents an unmodified or uninterrupted tone of the voice.

The Vowels, including *w* and *y*, are *a, e, i, o, u, w,* and *y*. The other letters of the alphabet are consonants. *I, u, w,* and *y* are sometimes consonants.

A Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as, *oi* in boy, *ou* in thou, *ea* in eat.

A Proper Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable, both of which are sounded; as, *oi* in oil, and *ow* in now.

An Improper Diphthong, or Digraph is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as, *ai* in aid, and *oa* in loaf.

A Triphthong is the union of three vowels in a syllable; as, *ieu* in lieu.

SALUTE OLD GLORY.

Tune: "Dixie."

Hail, fairest flag on land or ocean,
Setting all the world in motion!
Awake! awake!
Salute the flag!
Its stars so bright, its stripes so fair;
Awake! awake!
No other can with it compare,
That sails the sea, that rules the air;
Awake! awake!
Awake! salute Old Glory!

Our flag has felt the tempest's rattle,
Blown by all the winds of battle.
Awake! awake!
Salute the flag!
For you its beauteous folds were torn;
Awake! awake!
But now by loyal legions borne,
It vies the splendors of the morn;
Awake! awake!
Awake! salute Old Glory!

O come, ye patriots, to the rally!
Come from every hill and valley!
Awake! awake!
Salute the flag!
The Stars and Stripes for freedom stand;
Awake! awake!
O come, and for your country band,
And pledge your head and heart and hand,
Awake! awake!
Awake! salute Old Glory!

See page 47.

—KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

LESSON I.

flĭp′pĭ tў-flŏp, to flutter with repeated strokes.

lōōs′ęnęd, to make loose.

fụll′nesṣ, the state of being full.

bănd′ăġę, a strip of cloth.

splĭnts, thin pieces of wood used to keep broken bones in place.

tĕn′dẽr lў, in a tender manner.

cŭp′bõąrd (b), a place for dishes or food.

nûrs′eṣ, persons who care for the sick.

Jăn′nĕt, a girl's name.

stĭff, not easily bent; rigid.

THE GRATEFUL SWAN.

Part I.

One day a poor peddler,
  Who carried a pack,
Felt something come
  Flippity-flop on his back.

He looked east and west,
  He turned white, he turned red,
Then bent his back lower,
  And traveled ahead.

The sun had gone down
  When he entered his door,
And loosened the straps
  From his shoulders once more.

Then up sprang his wife,
  Crying, "Bless your heart, John,
Here, sitting atop of your pack
  Is a swan!

"A wing like a lily,
  A beak like a rose;
Now good luck go with her
  Wherever she goes!"

"Dear me!" cried the peddler,
  "What fullness of crop!
No wonder I felt her
  Come flippity-flop!

"I'll bet you, good wife,
  All the weight of my pack,-
I've carried that bird
  For ten miles on my back."

"Perhaps," the wife answered,
  "She'll lay a gold egg
To pay you; but bless me,
  She's broken a leg."

"No wonder," said John,
  "As she stood there atop,

THE PEDDLER AND THE GRATEFUL SWAN.

That I should have felt her
  Come flippity-flop!"

Then straight to his pack
  For a bandage he ran,
While Jannet, the good wife,
  To splints broke her fan;

And, thinking no longer
  About the gold egg,
All tenderly held her,
  And bound up the leg;

Then went to the cupboard,
  And brought from the shelf
A part of the supper
  She'd meant for herself.

Of course, two such nurses
  Effected a cure;
One leg stiff, but better
  Than none, to be sure!

LESSON II.

snōw̆′y̆, white like snow.
strĕt̆ch′ĭng, straightening out.
spĕc̆k, a small thing.
văn′ĭshe̊d (t), disappeared.
dŏff′ĭe̊s̱, a flower.
shīn′ĭng, giving bright light.

THE GRATEFUL SWAN.

Part II.

All summer they lived
  Thus together—the swan
And peddler and peddler's wife,
  Jannet and John.

At length, when the leaves
  In the garden grew brown,
The bird came one day
  With her head hanging down,

And told her kind master
  And mistress so dear,
She was going to leave them,
  Perhaps for a year.

"What mean you?" cried Jannet.
  "What mean you?" cried John.
"You will see, if I ever
  Come back," said the swan.

And so, with tears
  Rolling down drip-a-drop,
She lifted her snowy wings,
  Flippity-flop,

And sailed away, stretching
  Her legs and her neck,
Till all they could see
  Was a little white speck.

Then Jannet said, turning
  Her eyes upon John,
But speaking, no doubt,
  Of the bird that was gone:

"A wing like a lily,
  A beak like a rose;
Now good luck go with her
  Wherever she goes."

The winter was weary,
  But vanished at last,
As all winters will do;
  And when it was past,

And doffies beginning
  To show their bright heads,
One day, as our Jannet
  Was making the beds,—

The beds in the garden,
  I'd have you to know,—

THE RETURN OF THE GRATEFUL SWAN.

She saw in the distance
  A speck white as snow.

She saw it sail nearer
  And nearer, then stop,
And land in her garden path
  Flippity-flop.

One moment of wonder,
  Then cried she, "O John!
As sure as you're living, man,
  Here is our swan.

"And by her sleek feathers,
  She comes from the South.
But what thing is this
  Shining so in her mouth?"

"A diamond," cried Johnny;
  The swan nearer drew,
And dropped it in Jannet's
  Nice apron of blue;

Then held up the mended leg
  Quite to her crop,
And danced her great wings about
  Flippity-flop.

"I never beheld such a bird
In my life!"
Cried Johnny, the peddler;
"Nor I!" said his wife.

—ALICE CARY.

LESSON III.

slăm′ mĭng, shutting with a loud noise.
fôr′ fe̍ĭt, a fine.
ĭn′ stant lȳ, at once.
ôr′ phan̲s, (f), children whose father and mother are dead.
ăn̲x′ ioŭs, worried.
sŭs pĕet′, mistrust.
dē spâĭr′, hopeless.
rē prōa̍che̍d′ (t), to accuse, to blame.
hĕs̲′ĭ tā′ tĕd, to pause, as to think before action.
dĭf′ fĭ eŭlt, hard to do, not easy.

UNCLE'S STORY.

"It's Uncle Fritz, and if we all laugh loud, he will be sure to come in," said Emil.

A wild burst of laughter followed, and in came Uncle Fritz, asking, "What's the joke, my lads?"

"Caught! caught! you can't go out until you've told us a story," cried the boys, slamming the door.

"So that is the joke, then? Well, I have no wish to go, it is so pleasant here, and I will pay my forfeit at once," which he did by sitting down and beginning instantly:—

"A long time ago your grandfather went to lecture in

a large town, hoping to receive some money for an orphans' home. The lecture was well attended, and he received quite a sum of money, which he carried away in his pocketbook, feeling very happy about it. As he was driving in a buggy to another town, he came to a lonely piece of road, late in the afternoon, and was just thinking what a good place it was for robbers when he saw a bad-looking man come out of the woods in front of him, and go slowly along as if waiting until he came up.

"The thought of the money made grandfather rather anxious, and at first he thought he would turn around and drive away. But the horse was tired, and then he did not like to suspect the man, so he kept on. When he came nearer, and saw how poor and sick and ragged the stranger looked, his heart reproached him, and stopping, he said in his kind voice:—

" 'My friend, you look tired; let me give you a lift.'

"The man seemed surprised, hesitated a minute, and then got in. He did not seem inclined to talk, but grandfather kept on in his wise, cheerful way, speaking of what a hard year it had been, how much the poor had suffered and how difficult it was to get on sometimes. The man slowly softened a little, and, won by the kind chat, told his story,—how he had been sick, could get no work, had a family of children, and was almost in despair.

"Grandfather was so full of pity that he forgot his

fear, and asking the man his name, said he would try to get him work in the next town, as he had friends there. Wishing to get his pencil and paper to write down the address, grandfather took out his plump pocketbook, and the minute he did so, the man's eye was on it. Then grandfather remembered what was in it, and trembled, but said quietly:—

" 'Yes, I have a little sum here for some poor orphans. I wish it were my own, I would gladly give you some of it. I am not rich, and I know many of the trials of the poor; this five dollars is mine, and I want to give it to you for your children.'

"The hard, hungry look in the man's eyes changed to a grateful one as he took the small sum, freely given, and left the orphans' money untouched. He rode on with grandfather until they approached the town, then he asked to be set down. Grandpa shook hands with him, and was about to drive on, when the man said, as if something made him:—

" 'I was desperate when we met, and I meant to rob you, but you were so kind I could not do it. God bless you, sir, for keeping me from it!' "

"Did grandpa ever see him again?" asked all, eagerly. "No, but I believe the man found work, and did not try robbery any more."

"That was a queer way to treat him; I would have knocked him down," said Dan.

"Kindness is always better than force. Try it and see," answered Uncle Fritz, rising to go.

"Tell another story, please," cried a number of voices.

"No, I have paid my forfeit, and I must go."

—FROM "LITTLE WOMEN," BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

NOTE.—A world-wide famous book for young people, and should be read by every boy and girl.

Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me. —POPE

LESSON IV.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Helen Hunt Jackson, better known by her initials "H. H.," a noted writer of both prose and poetry. She was born in Amherst, Mass., in 1830; died at San Francisco, Cal., in 1885, and was buried in Colorado. She was the daughter of Professor Fiske, of Amherst College. She was married twice. Her first husband, Major Hunt, died during the Civil War, and five years afterwards she married Mr. Jackson, and made her home in Colorado. Her life in Colorado and her travels brought to her notice the wrongs done the Indians by our government. She took up their cause, and, after careful investigation, wrote "A Century of Dis-

honor," in which she showed how the red men had been robbed of their lands. The government made her a commissioner to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians of California; she did the work thoroughly, and made an able report.

frĭng′ĕs eûrl′ĭng pōōls spŭn
här′vĕst ôr′chard (ē) ăs′tĕr blū′ĕst

ġĕn′tian (shan), a flowering plant, usually blue.

sĕdġ′ĕs, a grass-like plant growing in wet places.

flänunt, flutter, wave.

ō′dōr, any smell, whether fragrant or offensive.

tō′kens, signs.

SEPTEMBER.

The golden-rod is yellow;
  The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
  With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
  Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pools the milkweed
  Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
  In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brookside
  Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
  The grapes' sweet odors rise;

At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

LESSON V.

vālȩ̀ lēȧ̀p dālȩ̀ rĭlls̱ twĭṉ′klĭng

GOD MADE ALL THINGS.

I know God made the sun
To fill the day with light;
He made the twinkling stars
To shine all through the night.

He made the lakes and seas
So very high and steep;
He made the lakes and seas
That are so broad and deep.

He made the streams so wide
That flow through wood and vale;
He made the rills so small
That leap down hill and dale.

He made each bird that sings
  So sweetly all the day;
He made each flower that springs
  So bright, so fresh, so gay.

And he who made all these,
  He made both you and me;
Oh, let us thank him, then,
  For great and good is he.

—ADAPTED.

LESSON VI.

Anna Sewell, was an English girl, born in Yarmouth in 1820, and died in 1877. A severe accident in childhood made her a cripple for life, and although deprived of the pleasures most children have, and subject to constant pain, her disposition was always kind and cheerful. Her father's business took him ten miles away from home. She learned to drive, taking her father to and from the station, and while driving, made a careful study of her horse. She treated the animal as a being susceptible to kindness and capable of understanding her wishes and directions; so she guided him almost entirely by her

ANNA SEWELL.

voice, encouraging or remonstrating as was necessary, merely holding the lines in her hand, and never using the whip. She felt sure that other horses could be managed in the same way; and little by little, as her health permitted, she wrote the story of "Black Beauty" to teach kindness, sympathy, and common sense in the treatment of horses. She died soon after its publication, living just long enough to hear of its wonderful success. The story has done a wonderful work for the horse, and has greatly improved the condition, not only of the animals themselves, but of the London cabmen, a hard-worked class of men. Boys and girls should read the whole story, and learn the lesson taught in the history of a horse's life.

săd′ dlȩ̀	hạl′ tẽr	ɛōȧx′ ĭng
brī′ dlȩ̀	ɛŏl′ lar (ẽ)	ɛlăpp̣ȩ̀d (t)

ḡīrths, straps which go around the body.

dē scrībȩ̀′, to tell about, explain.

ɛrụp′ pẽr, a leather loop passing under a horse's tail.

brēȩ̀ch′ ĭng, the hindmost part of the harness, which enables the horse to hold back the wagon or cart.

wēȧ′ rĭ nes̤s̤, state of being tired.

squīrȩ̀ (skwīr), a title of office.

ɛŏn tĭn′ ūȩ̀d, kept on at the same thing.

ăɛ ɛŭs′ tȯmȩ̀d, to become familiar by use.

fōrġȩ̀, a shop with furnace.

fīrm′ lў, in a tight or firm manner.

blĭn̲k′ ẽrs̲, flaps of leather on a horse's bridle to keep him from seeing objects at his side.

BLACK BEAUTY.

Part I.

My Breaking In.

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was glossy black. I had one white foot and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome. My master would not sell

me until I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses, until they were grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down; and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him; he seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very nicely." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt, and he lost no time about it; for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still while they are put on; then to have a cart, a buggy, or a wagon fixed behind him, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own, but always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry. But the worst of all is when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had, of course, long been used to a halter and the

headstall, and to be led about in the fields and lanes quietly; but now I was to have a bit and bridle. My master gave me some oats, as usual, and, after a great deal of coaxing, he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed; but it was a nasty thing!

Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels,—a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth, and over one's tongue, with the ends coming out at the sides of his mouth, and held fast there by straps over his head, under his throat, round his nose, and under his chin, so that no way in the world could he get rid of the nasty, hard thing. It is very bad! yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up. And so, with the nice oats, and with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I learned to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle; but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, while old Daniel held my head. He then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time. Then I had a few more oats, then a little leading about; and this he did every day, until I began to look for the oats and the saddle.

After a few mornings, my master got on my back, and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud

to carry my master, and, as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; I did not like that either. My master went with me to the smith's forge to see that I was not hurt, or given a fright. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, and so I stood still on three legs until he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I became used to it.

Then my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, there was a stiff, heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side pieces against my eyes, called blinkers; and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me. Next, there was a small saddle with an ugly stiff strap that went right under my tail; that was the crupper. I hated the crupper; to have my long tail doubled up, and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit.

I never felt more like kicking; but of course I could not kick such a good master. And so in time I became used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

LESSON VII.

pŭff′ĭng stā′tiȯn tĕr′rĭ blȩ
mĕn′tiȯn, to speak of.
fôrt′nīg̣ḥt′, space of two weeks.
ăd vȧn′tāġȩ, benefit.
skīrt′ ed, bounded.
sĕp′ȧ rā′tĕd, divided.
fēȧr′lesṣ, free from fear.
nẹig̣ḥ′bōr ĭng, near by.
ăs tŏn′ĭsh ment, great surprise.
dĭs′rē ḡärd′, not to notice.
rĕst′ĭvȩ, not still, uneasy.
ĭḡ′ nō rant, without knowledge.

BLACK BEAUTY.

Part II.

My Breaking In.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in among them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was eating quietly near the fence which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance. And before I knew whence it came, there was a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke, and a long, black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned, and galloped to the other side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear.

In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station near by, and sometimes made an awful whistle and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, frightful thing came puffing and groaning past.

For the first few days I could not eat in peace; but as I found this terrible creature never came into the field, nor did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of the train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine; but, thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now, if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady, and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved, the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master.

"But," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men. There are good, thoughtful men, like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; but there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or a dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great

many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think. These spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they do not mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands, but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him; it is all a chance for us; still, I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

LESSON VIII.

brĭ̆d̨ġ̨ flŭng
stōōp′ĭng thŭmp̨̨̨d (t)
sŭd′dĕn lў, quickly, unexpectedly.
tōl̨̨′ḡāt̨̨, a place where a small tax must be paid before one can travel on that road or bridge.
lĕv′ĕl spĭr′ĭt
ŭn lǫ̨̆k̨̨d′ (t)
dē̆ lĭv′ēr̨̨d, turned over, given.
ḡru̥′ĕl, a liquid food made by boiling meal in water.
stū′pĭd, very dull, wanting in understanding.

BLACK BEAUTY.

Part III.

Going for the Doctor.

One night after I had eaten my hay and was lying down in my straw fast asleep, I was suddenly awakened by the stable bell ringing. Then I heard John running; he soon unlocked the stable door, and called out, "Wake up, Beauty! You must go well now if ever you did;" and almost before I could think, he had the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head. He just ran for his coat, and

BLACK BEAUTY GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

then he took me at a quick trot up to the hall door. The master stood there with the lamp in his hand.

"Now, John," he said, "ride for your life; that is for your mistress's life; there is not a moment to lose. Give this note to Dr. White, give your horse a rest at the inn, and be back as soon as you can."

Away we went, past our gate, through the park, and down the hill till we came to the tollgate. John called very loud, and thumped upon the door; the man was soon out, and flung open the gate.

"Now," said John, "keep the gate open for the doctor; here's the money," and off we went again.

There was a long piece of level road by the riverside; John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best," and so I did; I needed no whip, and for two miles I went as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground; I don't believe my old grandfather, who won the race at Newmarket, could have gone faster.

When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck. "Well done, Beauty! good fellow," he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up, and I was off again as fast as before. The air was frosty, the moon was bright, and it was pleasant. We soon finished the eight miles, and reached the town.

John called Dr. White, and delivered his note.

"My horse," said the doctor, "has been out all day, and is quite done up; may I have your horse?"

"He has galloped nearly all the way, sir, and I was to

give him a rest here, but I think my master would not be against it if you think best, sir."

"All right," he said; "I will soon be ready."

John stood by me, and stroked my neck; I was very hot. The doctor came out with his riding whip.

"You need not take that," said John. "Black Beauty will go until he drops. Take care of him, if you can; I should not like anything to happen to him."

"No, no, John," said the doctor, "I hope not," and in a minute we had left John far behind.

I will not tell about our way back. The doctor was a heavier man than John, and not so good a rider; however, I did my very best. I was glad when we got home; I had not a dry hair on my body, and could only stand and pant.

Joe met us at the gate, and took me to the stable, while the doctor went into the house. Joe rubbed my legs and chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me. Then he gave me cold water to drink; he gave me some hay and corn, and thinking he had done right, went away. Joe was young and small, and knew very little about horses, but the poor boy did the best he knew.

Soon I began to shake and tremble, O, how I wished for my warm, thick cloth! John had eight miles to walk, so I laid down in my straw, and tried to sleep.

After a long time I heard John at the door. I gave a long moan, for I was in great pain. He was at my side in a moment, stooping down by me.

I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know it

all. He covered me up with two or three warm cloths, and then ran to the house for some hot water. He made me some warm gruel, which I drank, and then I soon went to sleep.

John seemed to be much put out; I heard him say to himself, "Stupid boy! stupid boy! no cloth put on, and I dare say the water was cold, too."

I was very ill for a long time, but John nursed me night and day, and I got better.

My master often came to see me while I was ill. "My poor Beauty," he said one day, "my good horse, you have saved your mistress's life. Yes, *you* saved her life."

I was glad to hear that, for it seems the doctor had said if we had been a little later it would have been too late.

John told my master he never saw a horse go as fast in his life.

—FROM "BLACK BEAUTY," BY ANNA SEWELL.

NOTE.—The story is supposed to be told by a horse. It is instructive and interesting for the grown as well as the young people.

If there is a cross word that tries to be said,
Don't let it, my dear, don't let it!
Just speak two pleasant ones, quick instead;
And that will make you forget it.

LESSON IX.

frĭlls̱ drōōpe̦d (t) făsh′ i̦ȯn
dāi̦′ s̱y̆ blōōme̦d tīre̦′ sȯme̦
dĭs′ eŏn tĕnt′, not satisfied. păs′ siȯn, desire, wish.

DISCONTENT.

Down in a field one day in June
  The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who tried to hide herself,
  And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
  And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near this buttercup,
  Who wished she were a daisy;

For daisies grow so slim and tall.
  She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck
  In just the daisies' fashion;

And buttercups must always be
  The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
  Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
  "Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice, white frill for me
  Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said;
"I think you must be crazy!
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."

—SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

LESSON X.

Bĕt′ sȳ Rŏss	snĭp	Rŏb′ ērt Môr′ rĭs
Ärch Strēet	glō′ rȳ	Phĭl′ ȧ dĕl′ phĭ ȧ (f)
dē sīgn′	nōt′ ĕd	Ȧ mĕr′ ĭ ean
rĕp′ rē sĕnt′		grănd′ daugh′ tēr

dē sīgnȩd′, drawn or marked out.
ĕŏn sŭlt′, to seek advice.
prē sẽrvȩ′, to keep.
ḡlō′ rĭȩs, honors, fame.
ūn′ iȯn (yŭn), the state of being joined or united.
ȧ dôrnȩd′, decorated, beautified, ornamented.
dē mȧnd′, much called for.
rē märkȩd′ (t), told in words.
dē çīd′ ed, fully settled.
Colo′ nel (kûr), the chief official of a regiment.
ĕŏn′ ḡrĕss, the chief legislative body of the nation.
nā′ tiȯn, the people of a country united under one government.
sȩu′ ve nĭrs′, keepsakes.
pẽr′ fĕet, without flaw, without error.
tĕr′ rĭ tō rȳ, a district of land not yet admitted as a State.
sȳm′ mē trȳ, harmony.
ăl tẽr′ nātȩ lȳ, succeeding by turns.
ĕŏm mĭt′ tẽȩ, one or more persons elected or appointed to whom business is referred.
dĕe′ lȧ rā′ tiȯn, to make publicly known.
ĭn′ dē pĕnd′ençȩ, freedom.

OLD GLORY.

In 1776, on Arch Street in the city of Philadelphia, in a small house, lived a young woman, named Betsy Ross. She was noted for her needlework. Soon after the Declaration of Independence, Congress decided to have a new flag designed. A committee of three gentlemen was sent to consult with her as to what would be the best design. These gentlemen were George Washington, Robert Morris, and Colonel Ross. They decided to have thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, to represent the thirteen States. In one corner, they wished to have a dark blue field on which there were to be thirteen white stars. These stars were to be five-pointed. How to get a five-

pointed star and preserve perfect symmetry was the question. It was said that it could not be done. Betsy Ross quietly remarked to the gentlemen, that if they were willing to leave it to her, she would see that the work was perfectly finished. While talking, she picked up a piece of white paper, and carelessly folded it over and over in her fingers; with one snip of the scissors she cut it, and unfolding it, showed the beautiful five-pointed star which has ever since adorned our flag.

BIRTH OF OUR NATION'S FLAG.

General Washington.
Colonel George Ross. Robert Morris. Betsy Ross.

OLD GLORY.

THE BETSY ROSS HOME.
The House in which Our First Flag was Made.

Today, instead of bearing thirteen stars, our American flag shows a star for each State,—one being added each time a Territory is taken into the Union as a State. How many stars has our flag today?

At Independence Hall in Philadelphia, today (1907), is a little old lady who tells the constant stream of sight-seers of the past glories of our nation. While talking, her fingers are very busy making tiny, silk flags which are in great demand as souvenirs; for they are made by Betsy Ross's great granddaughter.

All that's great and good is done just by patient trying.
—PHŒBE CARY.

LESSON XI.

Äh Wĭng Pŭnġ′ y̆ Wäh New Yôrk′ (ū)

elō′ vẽr, a plant.
pĭḡ′ tāi̯l′, a Chinaman's braid of hair, or cue.
dāy̆′ bre̯āk′, the first appearance of light in the morning.
Yăṉ′ kēe̯, a nickname given to English colonists, and often by by foreigners to any inhabitant of the United States.

eūte̯, cunning.
shŭe̯k, shell or husk.
hōme̯′ sĭe̯k′, pining for home.
a̯w̆′fu̯l ly̆, very or exceedingly.
pŏn′ dẽr o̯ŭs, large or heavy.
dē tẽr′ mĭne̯d, fully decided.
ĕx çēe̯d′ĭng ly̆, very.
Chī′nȧ man, a native of China.

THE CHINAMAN'S BOY.

Poor little Ah Wing was a Chinaman's boy,
  And he lived in a Chinaman's town,
And his cute little shoes they turned up at the toes,
  And he wore just the funniest gown.

Now Ah Wing had two bright little eyes,
  And his pigtail was awfully long;
His skin was as brown as a butternut shuck,
  And his voice was exceedingly strong.

For little Ah Wing was a great boy to sing,
  And he often would sit in the street,
And sing like a lark, from daybreak till dark,
  To earn just a little to eat.

For poor Pungy Wah, Ah Wing's little ma,
  Was too poor to have anything nice,
So little Ah Wing was determined to sing,
  And earn his poor mother some rice.

One day as he sat on his poor little mat
  In the midst of the Chinaman's street,
A big Chinaman with a ponderous fan
  Stepped right on Ah Wing's little feet.

Now Uncle Jack Brown, from a big Yankee town,
  Heard little Ah Wing screaming loud,
And he lifted him up on his shoulder at once,
  And took him right out of the crowd.

"See here, now, Ah Wing, you poor little thing,
  Pray what do you think of the plan
To sail o'er the sea, little Ah Wing, with me,
  And go home with the 'merican man?"

Now, poor Pungy Wah, Ah Wing's little ma,
  Declared it would be a good thing,
In the 'merican land there'd be everything grand,
  And plenty of rice for Ah Wing.

So Uncle Jack Brown, from the big Yankee town,
  Took little Ah Wing to New York,
And he gave him nice toys like American boys,
  And taught him to eat with a fork.

Well, the weeks passed away, for the weeks never stay,
  And Ah Wing began to complain
For poor Pungy Wah, Ah Wing's little ma;
  He wanted to see her again.

He cried night and day, and was bound not to stay,
  And he grew just as poor as a crow,

And his cheeks all fell in, like a pocket of wind;
  For he was so homesick, you know.

At last Uncle Brown, of the big Yankee town,
  Sent some money to poor Pungy Wah;
It was done on the sly, for he scarcely knew why
  He should send for Ah Wing's little ma.

So one sunny day, in the middle of May,
  When little Ah Wing was in bed,
He heard a voice cry, "Little Ah Wing, 'tis I.
  Don't you know Pungy Wah, dear?" it said.

So Ah Wing and his ma, the good Pungy Wah,
  Their sorrows and troubles all over,
Live with Uncle Jack Brown, in the big Yankee town,
  As happy as bees in sweet clover.

—MRS L. D. AVERY STUTTLE.

He who does good to another does also good to himself—not only in the act, but in the consciousness of well-doing, is his reward.

We live in deeds, not in years; in thoughts, not in breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—PHILIP J. BAILEY.

LESSON XII.

erā′ dl̤e̤
Ăd′ams̱
ăf fâi̤rs̱′
ĭm pōs̱e̤′
dĭs eŭss̤e̤d′ (t)
ȧ dŏpt′ ĕd
eŏn vĭnce̤d′ (t)
tow′ ẽr
tăx
ō be̱y̤′
lĭb′ ẽr tў
Lĭv′ ĭng stȯn
mĕm′ bẽr
çĭt′ ĭ zens̱
Vĭr ġĭn′ ĭȧ
eŏn sĭst′ ed
Cŏn nĕe̤t′ ĭ eŭt
Măss̤′ a chū′sett̤s
Pĕnn̤′ sўl vā′ nĭ ȧ
çĕn tĕn′ nĭ al
ḡlōbe̤
drȧft
Bĕn′ ja min Frăṉk′ lĭn
Rŏġ′ ẽr Shẽr′ man

eŏl′ ō nĭe̤s̱, settlements of people.
spĕ′ çial, certain, particular.
eŏl′ ō nĭsts, members of a colony.
rē bĕll̤e̤d′, to resist by force.
trēa̤′ s̱on, disloyalty, to betray.
dē fȳ′ ĭng, renouncing obligation.
ĕx çīte̤′ment, a state of being aroused into action, agitation.
Eṉḡ′ lĭsh (ĭn), people of England.
bûr′ den, to impose, heavy load.
rē quĕst′ed, asked, expressed a desire.
Rĕv′ ō lū′ tiȯn, overthrow of government.
Cŏn′ tĭ nĕn′ tal, name given to the congress of the colonies.
prŏe′ lȧ mā′ tiȯn, official notice.
ĕx′ hĭ bĭ′ tiȯn, a display for inspection.
pā′ trĭ ŏt ĭs̱m, love of country.
Eṉḡ′ land (ĭṉ′ ḡland), country of Europe.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Early in our history England began to impose upon the colonies in America. The colonies were compelled to pay special taxes and to bear many burdens to help England, or the Mother Country, as England was then often called. At last the colonists could not well live and pay the unjust taxes and obey the unjust laws England required,

so they rebelled and war was soon declared. This was called the War of the Revolution.

At the beginning of the war the colonists did not expect to be free from English rule; and in fact did not wish to be. All they wished and asked was that they be treated fairly. However, after they began to fight, they grew more and more convinced that nothing less than perfect independence of the Mother Country would satisfy them.

Then the leading men of the different colonies were sent to Philadelphia to look after the affairs of the colonies. They met in the State House, but as it would have been treason to have discussed plans in the State House, in regard to defying the king, the members of the Continental Congress decided to meet in Carpenters' Hall.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

A committee was elected to prepare a Declaration of Independence. That committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia; Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; John Adams, of Massachusetts; Roger Sherman, of Connecticut; and Robert R. Livingston, of New York. The committee requested Thomas Jefferson to prepare the draft, which he did, and with a few slight changes it was adopted, just as he prepared it.

On July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was reported to the Continental Congress; and the bell which hung in the tower of the State House rang out to call the citizens together to hear the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence. Since that day, the State House has been known as Independence Hall. It was not until August 8th that the Declaration was signed, as some of the members of Congress could not add their names to the list until they heard from their colonies.

Just one hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, an exhibition was held in the city of Philadelphia in which all nations of the globe were represented. It was called "The Centennial." It aroused patriotism in the hearts of all Americans, and many, many thousands visited the "City of Brotherly Love," which is also known as the "Cradle of Liberty."

LESSON XIII.

stēę′ plę	quĭv′ ērs	pōr′ tal	dĕnsę
swĕąt	tĕm′ plęs	thŭn′ dēr	härk
Ăt lăn′ tĭe	Phǫē′ nĭx	pāç′ ĭng	elăng
Dĕl′ ȧ wârę	New′ fǫŭnd land (nū)		eŭr′ rents

Quāk′ ēr, name of a religious sect.

här′ mō nȳ, blending or mingling of sounds.

stī′ flę, to stop the breath, to choke.

tûr′ bū lent, disorder, disturbance, commotion.

sûrġęd, moved up, pushed, shoved.

tȳ′ rant, cruel ruler, domineering.

tū′ mŭlt, noise, disturbance.

sŏl′ ĕmṇlȳ, grave, serious.

serōll, roll of paper or roll of parchment.

rīfę, active, abounding.

hăz′ ard (ērd), liable to accident, peril.

sęĕp′ tēręd, mark of power, show of authority.

sĭḡ′ nal, sign.

ĭn′ tō nā′ tiȯn, sound of tones, thundering of voices.

prō found′, deep, earnest.

elăm′ ōr ǫŭs, loud, noisy, boisterous.

mĭn′ ḡlĭng, mixing.

dē bāt′ ĭng, talking, arguing, discussing.

ȧ lŏft′, high above the ground, overhead.

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.

There was a tumult in the city,
  In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
  Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
  Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
  With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
  Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
  So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
  Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
  Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
  "Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
  "Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
  "I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
  We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House
  While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
  Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
  Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
  With the thunders of the free.

whīlst rŭf′ flȩd tôrch′ eȘ frēȩ′ dȯm
rē pōȘȩ′ ḡlīd′ ĭng hās′ ṭenȘ swĕll′ ĭng
ȧ rouȘȩ′ bē twĭxt′ bŏn′ fīrȩȘ′ dăl′ lȳ ĭng
fā′ blȩd joy′ ȩŭs lȳ

Far aloft in that high steeple
  Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant,
  And of Britain's royal sway.
So he sat, with one hand ready
  On the clapper of the bell,
Where his eye could catch the signal,
  The expected news to tell.

See! O see! The dense crowd quivers
  On through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
  Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
  Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
  Breaks his voice upon the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
  Whilst the boy cries joyously;
"Ring! O ring!" he shouts, "Ring! Grandpa,
  Ring! O ring for Liberty!"

Quickly, when he heard the signal,
  The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the news, outpouring
  Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
  How the old bell shook the air,
While the clang of freedom sounded
  Far across the Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
  Lighted up the night's repose!
Like the fabled flame from Phoenix,
  Glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent;
  Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
  Still is living—ever young;
And when dawns the smiling sunlight
  On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
  Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out, loudly, "Independence!"
  Which, please God, shall never die!

NOTE.—It had been agreed that as soon as the Declaration of Independence had been adopted the old bellman was to ring the bell that hung in the tower of the old State House. The old bellman had taken his place up in the tower and his little grandson was to tell him when he should ring the bell. At the word the young patriot ran and clapping his hands, shouted: "Ring! Ring! Grandpa, Ring!"

LESSON XIV.

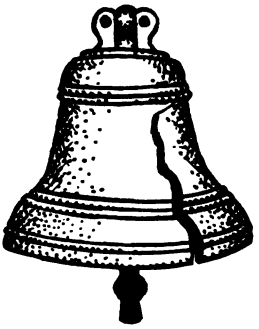
hūġe̜ New Ôr′ lē ans̱
ḡāze̜ Mär′ shall̩
sēi̩ze̜ Ăll̩′ ĕn town
Ꞓh̩rīst Ĭn′ tēr-Stāte̜′
South Ꞓăr′ ō lī′ nȧ
ĭn serĭp′ tiȯn, explanatory words engraved.
pŏs̱ s̱ĕs′ siȯn (sĕsh′ ŭn), controlling, holding.
Ĕx′ pō s̱ĭ′ tiȯn, a place where articles are shown.
ăm′ mū nĭ′ tiȯn (nĭsh′ ŭn), powder, balls, shot, shells, etc.
ăr rīv′ al, act of arriving or coming, act of reaching a place from a distance.
eŏn vēr̃t′ ed, changed.
prō clāi̩me̜d′, called out.
ḡu̩ärd′ ed, watched.
eăn′ nȯn Chĭ ea̩′ ḡō
rē fôrme̜d′ Ĭn′ dĭ an
fū′ nēr al Brĭt′ ĭsh
Ăt lăn′ tȧ Ġe̜ôr′ ġĭ ȧ
pō lïçe̜′ man Chärle̜s̱′ tȯn
ĕx h̩ĭb′ ĭt ed, given to view.
shrīne̜, object of interest and reverence.
chi̩ēf, head man.
hĕr′ ald, announcer, proclaimer.
Zī′ ȯn, name of a city.
pĭl′ ḡrĭm ȧġ es̱, people making journeys to a sacred place.
sŭb dūe̜d′, quiet, mild.
chīme̜s̱, bells.
hĭd′ den, put out of view.
rē eȧst′, made anew.
tōll̩′ ĭng, ringing of bell.
ĕn′ trançe̜, door, passage.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

The ponderous bell which rang out the peal of Independence was cast in England in 1752. It broke in ringing after its arrival and was recast in Philadelphia in 1753. It rang out for the first time to call the people together to hear the Declaration of Independence read, but it did not ring the first peal of Independence until July 8, 1776, as the Declaration was not signed till then. Some time after this the following inscription was put on it by order of Congress: "The Liberty Bell Proclaimed Liberty Throughout All the Land Unto the Inhabitants Thereof."

Every year it was rung until 1835 when it cracked while tolling during the funeral services of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States.

When the British were in possession of Philadelphia in 1777, they were greatly in need of ammunition. It would have delighted them if they could have converted the herald of freedom into cannon balls. For fear they would seize the Liberty bell it was decided to send it, together with the chimes of Christ Church and St. Peter's Church, to Allentown. This was done by hiding the bells, eleven in all, in farm wagons, and covering them with potato sacks and straw. They were hidden under the floor of the old Zion's Reformed Church at Allentown. It was announced that the Liberty Bell had been sunk in the Delaware River. Late in 1778 it was returned to Philadelphia.



INDEPENDENCE BELL.
July 4, 1776.

In 1885 the Liberty Bell made its second trip to New Orleans, where it was exhibited at the Exposition.

Again it was taken away, this time to the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893.

A fourth journey was made to the Exhibition at Atlanta, Georgia, in 1895.

January 6, 1902, the Liberty Bell left Philadelphia for the Inter-State and West Indian Exposition at Charleston, South Carolina, and was returned to its home in Independence Hall June 1st, 1902.

Just back of the main entrance in Independence Hall the Bell always rests in a huge glass case. It is guarded by one or more policemen. It is the shrine of many pilgrimages and thousands of people visit it yearly. Every one speaks in a subdued tone as his gaze rests upon the huge bell, with the wide crack in it; and all look lovingly on the inscription it bears: "The Liberty Bell Proclaimed Liberty Throughout All the Land and Unto the Inhabitants Thereof."

LESSON XV.

dĕpths	rā′ ġĭng	whĕnçe̩	ĕch̩′ ōe̩d
quĕnch	quĕnche̩d (t)	bowe̩d	sĭl′ vēr y̆
drȧught	ḡlăd′ den	ăe çĕpt′	ăe′ çĕnts
(drȧft)	ḡrāçe̩′ fu̩l ly̆	ēa̩′ ḡēr	mīgh̩t′ y̆

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A little boy had sought the pump,
  From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
  That kindly quenched his raging thirst;

Then gracefully he touched his cap—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me!"
(This little boy had been well-bred.)

Then said the Pump, "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run."
"Oh, then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be),
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks;
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hill-side lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with silvery accents said—

"Oh, don't thank me; for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."

"Oh, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray, don't thank us; without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face;
"My little fellow, don't thank me;
'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O Ocean, thanks, then!" said the boy;
It echoed back, "Not unto me—

"Not unto me; but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie;
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his hat and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
"O God, I thank Thee for this gift;
Thou art the Giver of all good."

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

LESSON XVI.

ŏf′ fĭçe̩	prŏmpt′ lў	rē spĕet′ fu̩l lў
shȯve̩d	pûr′ pȯse̩ lў	dĭs mĭsse̩d′ (t)
ăp plīe̩d′	nō′ tĭçe̩d (t)	ăd′ vẽr tīs̱e̩d′

rĕe′ŏm mĕn dā′ tiȯn, a letter telling of good qualities.

h̩ŏn′ ōr ȧ ble̩, just, fair, good.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number, he in a short time selected one, and dismissed all the others.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single letter of recommendation with him?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great number. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.

"He picked up the book which I had purposely left on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the others stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful. And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding the others aside; showing that he was modest and honorable.

"When I talked with him, I noticed that his hair was carefully brushed, his clothes clean, and his teeth white; showing that he was neat and cleanly. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being dark from the dirt tucked up under them, like those of the handsome little fellow in the beautiful gray suit.

"Don't you call these letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can learn about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes, is worth more than all the fine letters of recommendation he can bring me."

LESSON XVII.

eŏn′ sciençe pōr′ tiȯn ō′ vēr-tăxed′ (t) wēen

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

There are just two kinds of people on earth today;
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for, 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on fine airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses.
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

LESSON XVIII.

ạu̧′ thōr	quāi̧l	tĭnt′ ed	dĕl′ ĭ cātȩ	Ĭt′ ȧ lў
căs′ ţlȩ	sw̧ōrd	păl′ ĕtţȩ	stātȩs′ man	

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
  Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
  And the first crimson buds of the rose

They toss the hay in the meadow;
  They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes ripen
  In the soft tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
  And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
  On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
  And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
  Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
  Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
  By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
  The humble and poor become great;
And so, from these brown-handed children
  Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
  The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and palette
  Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—MARY H. KROUT.

LESSON XIX.

skĕl′ ē tȯn
dī′ ȧ phrăg̈m (frăm)
mĭl′ liȯn (yŭn)
blȯ̈d′ vĕs′ sĕl
rē tāi̯n̈ed′
prē vĕnts′
dĭ ġĕst′ ed
pō s̱ĭ′ tiȯn
ȧ void′
nērv̈es̱
elŏḡg̈ed
ĭm pūr̈e′
eū′ tĭ el̈e
ăt tăcḧed′ (t), fastened.
prĭn′ çĭ pal, main or chief.
eär bŏn′ ĭe, a colorless poison gas.
ĭn tĕs′ tĭn̈es̱, the bowels, entrails.
ŏx′ ў ġĕn, a colorless, tasteless, odorless gas, necessary to life.
poi′ s̱on ȯ̈ŭs, containing poison.
ĕs eāp′ ĭng, leaving, getting away.
frē′ quent lў, often, many times.
ăe eôrd′ ĭng, in harmony.
tĕm′ pēr ȧ tūr̈e, degree of heat or cold.
mĕs′ sĕn ġērs̱, carriers of communications.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH WE LIVE.

This wonderful body of ours is the house in which we live. Knowledge of the outside world comes to us through our eyes, ears, sense of smell, taste and touch.

This house or body of ours is made up of two principal parts, the head and trunk. To the trunk are attached the arms and legs. The trunk is like a house with two rooms; in the upper room are the heart and lungs, and in the lower room are the stomach, liver and intestines. These two rooms are separated by a large muscle called the diaphragm.

Our body consists of a bony skeleton covered with muscles and fat. In these muscles are bloodvessels through which the blood flows to carry nourishment to

the different parts of our body and to carry away waste materials which are worn out.

The bony part of the head is called the skull, and inside of the skull is the brain or master of our house. From the brain, nerves go out to all parts of the body, and these nerves are very busy little messengers.

The flesh of our body is covered with two layers of skin called the cutis and cuticle. The under layer is the cuticle. Our skin is full of little pores, and these pores are the mouths of tiny pipes, or tubes, millions of which are on our body. It is through these tubes or pores that our body rids itself of many waste substances which would prove very harmful if retained. If these pores become clogged with dirt, nothing can pass through them. It is therefore very necessary to keep the skin clean and the pores open if we wish to be strong and healthy.

The whole body should be bathed often that the skin may be able to do its work properly. Water and soap are all that are needed to keep the skin clean and ready for its work, and every person can get these. A general bath in which plenty of warm water and soap is used should be taken twice a week, followed by a thorough rubbing with a coarse towel.

We should put on clean clothing frequently, as the clothing holds the little scales of dead skin, which is constantly dropping off.

A child was once covered with gold leaf that the people might have a golden boy to do honor in a parade for a nobleman. The child became suddenly ill and died before the gold could be removed from his body. All the pores of his skin were closed up by the gold leaf and it soon caused his death.

To keep our body healthy we must care for it in many ways.

We should eat enough wholesome food to nourish it. As the body is constantly wearing out, it needs new material to build up the different parts. All wholesome food that we eat contains material that is needed for growth and repair of our body, and is made into blood. The blood carries this material to each part of our body.

Unwholesome foods do not nourish the body and are not easily digested. If we truly wish to keep well, we should learn what are wholesome foods and then eat no other.

We should breathe pure air at all times, when we are asleep as well as when we are awake. Breathing consists of two movements, one by which we take in air, and the other by which we throw out air. All the air we throw out of our lungs is impure and poisonous and contains carbonic acid gas.

The object of breathing is to purify the blood. The pure air we inhale contains a gas called oxygen. We need a great deal of oxygen and a constant supply must

be taken into the lungs or we can not live and have good health.

People who live outdoor lives get much more oxygen, and as a rule are very strong and healthy, much more so than those who live indoors. If inside air is not constantly changed it will soon contain a large amount of carbonic acid gas, and thus be unfit to breathe. For this reason there should always be an opening in rooms to admit pure air and another to let out impure air. This would give a current of pure air passing through at all times.

If we should go into a room and shut out the fresh air, the air in it would soon become close and bad, as every time we breathed we would take some of the oxygen out of the air and put injurious gas in its place. This impure air or gas would soon cause us to have a dull and drowsy feeling, and it often causes people to become unconscious.

We should dress according to the weather, varying the kind and amount of clothing according to the temperature and the amount of moisture. The heat of our body is constantly passing off from the surface, and anything that causes the heat to pass off more rapidly makes us feel cooler and anything that prevents the heat from leaving the body makes us feel warmer; hence in cold weather we wear woolen clothing to prevent the heat from escaping from the body, also to protect it from the cold air. In summer we wear thin cotton or linen cloth-

ing, that the heat of the body may easily escape. This also permits the fresh air to reach the skin and assist in cooling the body.

Each part of our body must have the proper kind and amount of exercise to enable it to do its work well. To make the body strong we must use it. The parts that are most used become the strongest, and those used the least will be the weakest. The arms of a blacksmith are very strong because he uses them so much.

Our body should be held in an erect position in sitting or standing. We should take as much exercise as possible in the open air and sunlight. Outdoor games are best for both boys and girls.

There are some things which we should avoid when taking exercise. We should not work or play too long without resting and should not try to do things that are beyond our strength.

A sufficient amount of sleep and rest is necessary for the health of our body.

We should learn all we can about this wonderful house we live in, and what to do to keep it in good condition. We should learn what is bad for it and what is good, that we may avoid the one and seek the other. By so doing we may hope to grow up strong and healthy men and women.

Health gives happiness and makes work a pleasure.

NOTE.—This lesson may be made more interesting and profitable if a physiological chart or manikin is secured to illustrate certain features.

LESSON XX.

āche̤ căp′ĭ tal vĕn′ tĭ lāte̤ rēa̤′ s̱on ȧ ble̤ sy̆s′ tĕm

HEALTH RULES.

1. Retire early and sleep at least from eight to ten hours every night.

2. Ventilate your sleeping room either by an open window or an open door.

3. Brush your teeth at least once a day and if only once let that be at night just before going to bed.

4. Do not wear tight clothing, boots or shoes.

5. Avoid all articles of food not easily digested.

6. Do not drink strong *tea* or *strong* coffee. Your system is much better off without either.

7. Take care of your eyes. When they begin to ache, stop reading or writing at once. If your eyes are weak, do not study at all in the evening.

8. Never sit in school with the sun shining in your face or upon your desk.

9. To avoid becoming near-sighted, hold your book, when studying, at a reasonable distance from your eyes.

10. Never sit with wet feet or wet clothing.

11. Take care of your health. Good health is the best capital in life.

LESSON XXI.

rōa̧n	hō̆ tĕls̱′	b̆ŭs′ t̨lȩ	Băb′ y̆ lȯn
Păr′ ĭs	tăs′ sel	lŭx′ u̧ ry̆	môrt̨′ ḡāġȩ
Rōmȩ	stī′ flȩd	elŭtchȩd (t)	bŭȩk′ whēa̧t′
flăṉks			

FARMER JOHN.

Home from his journey, Farmer John
  Arrived this morning, safe and sound;
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
  "Now I am myself," said Farmer John;
  And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate, to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears, to meet him.
    "Well, well, old Bay!
    Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I'm away?

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;
  "The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
  We'll wean the calf next week."
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,

And watch you and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
    And he pats old Bay,
    And he slaps old Gray;—
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!

"For after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home:
I've seen great sights, but would I give
This spot and the peaceful life I live,
  For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels and bustle and glare,
Land all houses and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
    Would you, old Bay?
    Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away.

"There Money is king," says Farmer John,
  "And Fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
  The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!

The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay,—
You see, old Gray,—
I'm wiser than when I went away.

FARMER JOHN AND OLD BAY—OLD GRAY.

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,—
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content,

Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, Old Gray,—
That's what I've learned by going away."

•

And a happy man is Farmer John,—
O, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks,
The doves light round him, and strut and coo:
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,—
And you, Old Bay,
And you, Old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away."

—JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

One who talks does not know,
One who knows does not talk.
Therefore the sage keeps his mouth shut,
And his sense gates closed."

—A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER.

LESSON XXII.

thrōnę, a royal seat.
ăġ′ĭlę, active, nimble.
dō′nŏr, one who gives.
sŭl′trȳ, hot, close, moist.
flŏr′ĭn, a gold or silver coin. In Bavaria worth 40 cents.
ăb′sençę, away, not present.
roy′al, kingly, noble.
trĕs′pass, harm or injury.
ȧ mūsęd′ pleased, tickled.
dăm′ăġ es, harm, loss.
Bȧ vā′rĭ ȧ, Kingdom of German Empire.
fŭm′blęd′, felt about, handled.
rē sūmęd′, begun again.
ĭn dŭlġęd′, give way to.
mŏn′ȧrchs (ȧrks), rulers, kings.
smȯth′ēręd, suppressed, concealed.
sĭm′plę tȯn, a silly or weak-minded person.
ĭn′ tēr ĕst ĕd, attracted, concerned.
bē nĕv′ō lent, kindly, charitable.
ġōōsę′ hērd, a keeper of geese.
ĭn erĕd′ ū lȯŭs, doubting, unbelieving.
Măx′ĭ mĭl′ĭ ȧn, name, meaning the greatest.

KING MAXIMILIAN AND THE GOOSEHERD.

Maximilian, King of Bavaria, was one of the best beloved monarchs that ever sat upon a throne.

He used to tell this story about himself, and when you have read it you will not greatly wonder that such a man should have won the hearts of his people.

One summer morning, in plain walking-dress, he had gone out for a walk in his park, taking a book as his companion. The weather was sultry, and the king, who had seated himself under an old oak, fell asleep; and, on awaking, resumed his walk without taking up his book, which had fallen under the seat.

After he had walked about half a mile, the king fumbled in his pockets for his book, and, not finding it, remembered that he had left it under the oak. Unwilling to lose it, and not caring to go back for it, he looked all around for a messenger, but could see no one except a lad who was looking after a flock of geese.

So, calling the boy to him, the king promised him a florin if he would run for the book. The poor gooseherd cast an incredulous look on the stout gentleman who made him this handsome offer, and, thinking it was some one trying to send him on a fool's errand, turned away, saying, "I am not so stupid as you think."

"Stupid! Who thinks you stupid?" asked the king.

"Why, who would be so foolish as to give me a real florin just for running half a mile for a book? No, no; you won't get me to believe that."

"Well, then," said the king, "you know 'seeing is believing.' Look; here is the florin for you."

"If I saw it in my own hand," said the unbelieving boy, "that would be a different matter."

Taking him at his word, the good-natured monarch laid the shining coin in the lad's palm; but instead of running off for the book the boy stood stock-still, and a cloud came over his face.

"What's the matter with you now?" asked the king; "why don't you go?"

"I only wish I could," he replied; "but what will become of the geese while I am away? If they should stray

into the meadow over yonder, I should have to pay trespass-money,—more than a florin,—and lose my place besides."

By this time the king was quite interested in the frank, outspoken lad: so he promised to herd the geese for him in his absence.

"*You* herd the geese!" said the lad with a laugh; "a pretty gooseherd you would make! You are too fat and too old. Just look at the 'court gander' there,—the one with the black head and wings; he is always trying to get me into a scrape; he is the ringleader whenever there is any mischief in the wind. He would lead you a pretty dance."

"Never mind the geese," said the king, with a smothered laugh; "I'll answer for them, and I'll pay all damages."

So at last the gooseherd placed the whip in the king's hand and set out. But scarcely had he gone a dozen footsteps when he turned back.

"What's the matter now?" called out the king.

"Crack the whip!" cried the boy.

The monarch tried to do as he was bid, but no snap came from the whip.

"Just as I thought," said the lad. So saying he snatched the whip from the king's hands and made all the geese tremble to hear the dreaded sound, while showing the king how to produce it.

King Maximilian entered into the joke, and did his best to learn his lesson. At last the gooseherd started off, but not without many doubts and many shakings of his little head. The king sat down, and indulged in a hearty laugh, all forgetful of his charge; and the "court gander" was not slow in learning that the whip was in some other hand than his master's.

With one or two shrill calls to his companions, he took the lead into the forbidden meadow, and was followed by the whole flock. The king made a dash forward to prevent the flock from flying over, but his royal limbs were far from agile; he tried to crack the whip, but all his efforts were in vain. Away went the geese over the marshy meadow, leaving the royal herdsman alone in his glory.

The monarch was half amused and half ashamed on the return of the gooseherd with the book.

"Just as I expected," said the boy: "I have found the book, but you have lost the geese."

"Never mind," said the king, smiling: "I will help you to get them together again."

The boy posted the monarch in a certain spot, and told him to wave his arms and to shout with all his might if the geese tried to pass him. The runaways heard the terrible whip and ran together in fear. By one or two well-directed blows on the back of the "court gander" the ringleader was brought under control and the whole cackling herd driven back.

As soon as the boy saw the flock feeding again in their own pasture he scolded the king soundly for his neglect. Maximilian bore his scolding meekly, and said, "I hope you will excuse my awkwardness, for, being the king, I am not used to this work."

The gooseherd thought the old gentleman was joking, and said, "I was a simpleton, to trust you with the geese; but I am not such a simpleton as to believe you are the king."

"Well," said Maximilian, with a smile, "here is another florin as a peace-offering."

The boy took the florin with a doubtful gaze upon the benevolent face of the donor, and said, with a wise shake of the head, as the king was leaving, "You're a kind gentleman, whoever you may be; but take my word for it, you'll never make a gooseherd."

—VON SCHEURER.

LESSON XXIII.

fāi̯l	rĕv′ẽr ent	
fŏr′ĕst	frā′ g̃rant	eḥō′ rŭs

DOWN TO SLEEP.

November woods are bare and still;
  November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
  The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,

As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "goodnight;"
And half I smile and half I weep
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

LESSON XXIV.

ŏe′ eŭ pȳ dĭf′ fēr Bŭn
tăl′ ents, abilities. prĭg̃, a pert, conceited fellow.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.

"If I am not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If *I* cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can *you* crack a nut."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LESSON XXV.

lĭmp
mĭr′ rõr
g̅lȧnçe̩
ŏf′ fẽre̩d
stāi̩ne̩d
sē′ erĕt lў
rẽ mo̤ve̩′
pŭn′ ĭsh ment
văn′ ĭ tў
drĕnche̩d (t)
ēa̩′ g̅ẽr lў
k̩nĭt′ tĭng
ĭn sĭst′ ed
ŭm brĕl′ lȧ
sĕn′ sĭ ble̩

VANITY GOING TO SCHOOL.

ĕx′ elȧ mā′tiȯn, a sudden outcry.
dĭs′ ō bē′ dĭ ençe̩, not to obey, neglect of duty.
ŏp′ pŏr tū′ nĭ tў, a chance, proper time.
ăl tẽr′ nȧ tĭve̩, choice of two things.
ĕs pĕ′ cial lў, particularly.
ăr rāy̩e̩d′, dressed.
tō′ tal lў, entirely, wholly.
rẽ māi̩n′ dẽr, the rest, left over.
lĭst′ lĕss̩ ness̩, heedlessness.

GRANDMA'S DISOBEDIENCE.

"Oh, dear," sighed little Edith Baker from the window, where she had been standing, pressing her cheek against the cool pane, while she gazed sadly into the muddy street below, where the people were hurrying home from work, eager to escape the down pouring rain.

"Oh, dear!"

The second exclamation caused grandma to look up from her knitting at the woe-begone face of Edith.

"Come here, dear," she said, putting aside her knitting, "and tell me what troubles you."

"Oh, nothing," Edith replied, with another long-drawn sigh. 'Only it's raining, and mamma will not let me wear my new dress to the party."

"Come here, dear," again said grandma kindly, "and I will tell you of a rain storm when I was a little girl just about your age."

Edith's listlessness vanished and she was soon at her grandmother's knee. "Oh! tell me were you out in the storm?" said Edith.

"Yes, dear; when I was about your age, my grandmother brought me a beautiful calico dress, all covered with pink roses and little green leaves. It was very pretty, but of course, would not be considered so now, and could not be compared with the old dress your mamma wishes you to wear to the party, although you think it is not nice enough.

"When I was a little girl I never had a silk dress, nor ever dreamed of owning one. Fashions have changed since then.

"It is perfectly right for young folks to want pretty things if their parents can afford to buy them.

"The calico dress was to be my best dress that summer and I thought a great deal of it, especially when my mother bought me a new straw hat, trimmed with pink roses and ribbon to match my dress. It was all made and laid away, and yet no opportunity had come for me to wear it. There was no Sunday school near for me to go to, and I seldom went anywhere except to school.

"Two weeks had passed and I had not worn my pretty dress; I began to think of nothing else night and day. If I could only wear the dress and hat to school my playmates could then see it. I asked my mother, but she said 'no,' each time.

"I rebelled, and thought my mother very unkind. The next day being Monday I determined to put on my new dress and hat and sneak out of the house for school while I knew my mother would be busy with the washing in the kitchen.

"At last the morning dawned, although it was far from bright. I did not notice the heavy clouds that every now and then hid the sun, so anxious was I to steal away unnoticed. I arrayed myself in my new clothes, and went to the mirror. How grand I looked! I tucked my school dress in one corner of the closet and started off without kissing my mother good-bye. She called to me from the kitchen to carry an umbrella, but I ran fast that I might not hear her.

" 'Carry an umbrella,' thought I, 'indeed not with my finery.' I did not wish to obey, so ran on. I reached school safely and tried to enjoy the many admiring glances directed toward me, but all the time I was secretly afraid some of my schoolmates would find out how I happened to wear them to school.

"All went well until just before school was dismissed. Then great black angry clouds swept over the sky totally hiding the blue, swiftly followed by a downpour of rain.

One by one the children started for home under cover of big umbrellas, while those who had none did not care, for their clothing was of the sensible sort that the rain could not ruin.

"The teacher had gone and it was fast growing dark. I grew afraid to remain in the schoolhouse, and gladly shared the offered shelter of an umbrella belonging to a little girl who lived on the way to our house. We hurried along, but as fast as we hurried the rain came faster.

"In five minutes I was drenched to the skin. The strong wind turned the old umbrella inside out, and soon tiny rivers were running from my fine hat down on my cheeks and neck.

"When we reached my friend's house her mother kindly insisted on my coming in to dry my clothing and wait until the storm had ceased.

"In my hurry I had not noticed my dress, but the lady's exclamations alarmed me, and I began to examine. My pretty dress was like a rainbow of many colors, all mixed and run together. Where the pink flowers had been there were only ugly spots of color.

"My hat hung limp and shapeless, the pretty ribbon all stained and ruined. My heart sank within me. What a sorry looking object I was.

"How was I to return home in such a plight? There was no alternative, especially as the rain had ceased, and so homeward I plodded, dreading to reach the end of my journey.

"My mother was very kind to me, and helped me to remove my once pretty clothing, and said not a single word. My old dress hung over the back of a chair before the fire warming for me to put on, so I knew she had found me out before I reached home."

"Didn't she scold you?" asked Edith.

"No, dear, but the next day she told me she expected me to wear that dress and hat for 'best' the remainder of the summer as a punishment for my disobedience. It was hard but not more than I deserved, for I directly disobeyed her in wearing it that day.

"And did you wear it, Grandma?" asked Edith, eagerly.

"Yes, dear, I wore it and each time it reminded me of my disobedience, so that foolish vanity never tempted me again."

—FROM YOUNG FOLKS.

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

—HORACE MANN.

LESSON XXVI.

sēe̋k	sē′ erĕts	pẽr çēi̇ve̋′	rē flĕet′ ed
view (vū)	eŏn trīve̋′	g̃o͝od′ nĕss̨	eŏn̲′ quẽrs̲ (kẽrs̲)

TAKE CARE.

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
  Cross or cruel and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
  You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass
  And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
  Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have and what you lack,
  All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
  So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
  Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
  Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
  Or in eyelids dropping down,
Like a violet from the light;
  Badness in a sneer or frown.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
  Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
  More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
  Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive,
  You will show for what you are.

—ALICE CARY.

One conquers bad habits more easily today than to-morrow.

—CONFUCIUS.

LESSON XXVII.

ġĭn
vȧst
pŏt′ tẽrs̱
thrōȧt
fī′ ẽr y̆
ɛŏm′mȯn
ā′ erẽ (kẽr), a piece of land containing 160 sq. rods, or 43,560 sq. feet.
ḡŭlp, a large mouthful, a swallow.
ā′ erẽ ȧġɛ̀ (kẽr)
ē nôr′ mɔ̀ŭs, large.
ɛŏn vēn′ iençɛ̀ (yĕns)
prō lŏngɛ̀d′, to lengthen in time.
ĕs′ tĭ mā′ tĭng, forming an opinion of the value, in a general way.
sprēɛ̀, a drunken frolic.
stātɛ̀′ ment
swōll′ en

DRINKING A FARM.

My homeless friend with the red swollen nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with.

You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp.

If you doubt this statement figure it for yourself. An acre of land contains forty-three thousand five hundred sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at forty-three dollars fifty-six cents an acre, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill a square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose, and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch.

Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five hundred foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin! There is dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth forty-three dollars fifty-six cents an acre.

But there are plenty of good common farms that do not cost more than one-third of forty-three dollars fifty-six cents an acre. What a vast amount of land you might have had! What an enormous acreage has gone down many a homeless drinker's throat! No wonder such men are buried in the "potter's field." They have swallowed farms, gardens and homes, and even drank up their own graveyard.

You had better think my friend before *you* drink up two or three fine country homes!

We find in life exactly what we put into it.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LESSON XXVIII.

prāy	pā′tient	mēr′çĭęs	Pĭl′grĭm
blēąk	eŏl′ō nȳ	rē lĭ′ġiȯn	prŏs′pĕets
drĕąd	săv′āġę	pēąçę′fụl	Plȳm′ȯŭth
ȧ pärt′	eŭs′tȯm	ḡrăt′ĭ tūdę	ĕn dūr′ançę
tĕr′rōr	kĭn′drĕd	Ġȯv′ērn ōr	fôr bĭd′dĭng
băr′ren			Brăd′ford

OUR FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

Children, do you know the story
  Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
Founded by our Pilgrim fathers
  In that time so far away?

They had given for religion
  Wealth and comfort, yes, and more,
Left their homes and friends and kindred,
  For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's sandy stretches,
  Where the town of Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log cabins,
  'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often, even the bravest
  Felt his blood run cold with dread,
Lest the wild and savage red-men
  Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
  Met their eyes on every hand,
And before the springtime reached them,
  They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
  Was not exercised in vain;
Summer brought them brighter prospects,
  Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,
  As the harvest time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
  At the full corn in the ear.

PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH. Painting by Boughton.

So the Governor, William Bradford,
  In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all His mercies,
  Set a special day apart.

That was in the Autumn, children,
  Sixteen hundred and twenty-one;
Scarce a year from when they landed,
  And the colony begun.

And now when in late November
  Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
  Of those Pilgrims, long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
  That they braved, years, years ago,
But for all their struggles gave us,
  We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
  If they feast, or praise, or pray,
Should bless God for these brave Pilgrims,
  And their first Thanksgiving Day.

LESSON XXIX.

dĭm	pīnȩs̱	hy̆mn̥s̱	sī′lençȩ
stẽrn	fāmȩ	dăshȩd (t)	ăn′thĕm
trŏd	y̆ȩūth	wĭth′ẽr	trŭmp′ĕt
brow	jew′ĕls̱ (jū)	mo͞orȩd	wõr′shĭp
hō′ly̆	ȧīs̱lȩs̱	sōȧrȩd	ŭn stāi̯nȩd′
fōȧm	ĕx′īlȩs̱	ȧ mĭdst′	eŏṉ′quẽr õr (kẽr)

hōȧr′y̆, white or gray with age. sẽ rēnȩ′ly̆, quietly, calmly.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against the stormy sky,
  Their giant branches tossed.

The heavy night hung dark,
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
  In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared from his nest
  By the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
  This was their welcome home!

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS. Painting by Rothhermel.

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found,—
  Freedom to worship God.

—FELICIA HEMANS.

LESSON XXX.

thēę	quōth	bâr′ ĭng	bē stōw′
thou	dē lāy′	lĭb′ ēr al	prĕs′ ençę
lôrd	pōr′ tēr	elĭnk′ ĭng	Dŭm′ lĭng
eōurt	lăsh′ es	jĭn′ glĭng	Ġēr′ man
pouch	rē wąrd′	fôr′ tūnę	sŭp pōrt′ ĭng
dĕąlt	tûr′ bȯt	ŏf′ fĭ çēr	pēr mĭt′ ted

boun′ tў, generosity, kindness, gift.
seo̧ûr′ ġẽr, one who punishes.
bra̧w̧n′ ў, strong, muscular.
măj′ ĕs tў, a title given a king or one high in authority.
eo̧ûr′ tẽ o̧ŭs, civil, obliging, polite.
spĕe tā′ tõr, one who looks on.
ŏf fĭ′ cials̱, officers in authority.
ăs tŏn′ ĭsho̧d (t), surprised, amazed.
ḡlĭs′ to̧no̧d, shone.
ĭn′ sō lenço̧, rude, overbearing, brutal.
hälf′ wĭt′ tĕd, silly, weak minded.
mĕd′ ĭ tāt ĭng, thinking.
rĕe′ ŏm pĕnso̧, pay, reward.
thĕnço̧′ fôr′ ward (wẽrd), from that time onward, thereafter.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

A certain man had two sons. The elder passed for a very clever youth; the younger, called Dumling, though the favorite of his mother, was thought to be only half-witted. In fact, his father and elder brother were in the habit of calling him "the fool of the family."

When Dumling had grown to be fifteen years old, his father became tired of supporting the "simpleton;" so he gave the lad twenty German shillings and sent him out into the world to seek his fortune.

With a light heart young Dumling trudged forth, jingling the coins in his pouch, and meditating how he should spend so much money. Before long he met a fisherman carrying a basket on his back. "Ho, master, and what have we here?" said Dumling.

"Nothing that you can buy," said the fisherman, gruffly. But when he heard the money clinking he declared that in his basket he had the most wonderful turbot in the world.

"Mr. Fisherman," said Dumling, when he had peeped in at the beautiful fish, "will you sell your fish for twenty shillings?"

"For want of a better price, yes," replied the fisherman; and the lad eagerly counted out his twenty shillings and took the turbot.

Journeying on, Dumling caught sight of a fine palace, and stopped a countryman to ask who lived there.

"The king," answered the man, "and a courteous and liberal king he is."

"Is he, indeed?" thought Dumling; "I will take him my fish, and see what he will give me for it."

Without delay he made his way to the gate of the palace and knocked. The gate was opened by a fat porter, who asked him what his business was. "My business is with your master," said Dumling, who knew little of the ways of great men's houses. "I bring a present for the king."

"Ah, indeed!" answered the porter, still delaying to open the door. "Don't you know that it is the custom of this court that I should see a present before it goes to my lord the king?"

So at last Dumling opened his basket. Now, when the porter saw the beautiful fish his eyes glistened, and he declared that by the custom of the court half must be his before the bearer could go farther.

"Pray let me pass," said Dumling, "and whatever bounty the king bestows on me, you shall have half."

On this promise the porter opened the door and permitted him to enter the hall. But here he was stopped by the court officer, who, when he had looked into the basket, said that half was due to him before the gift could be brought before the king, for such was the custom of the court.

"Fair sir, I quarrel not with your customs," said Dumling; "and, though I have already promised half my reward to the porter, I will give you the share which is left, if you will only bring me into the king's presence."

Then the court officer led him in, and the lad laid his present before the king. "By my crown," said the king, "it is a fair gift. I accept it gladly. And now what reward shall I give you for your trouble? Ask boldly and wisely, and you shall not have to complain."

The porter and the court officer now went up to Dumling, and whispered to him to ask for a bag of gold, or a rich office at court, for their lord would not say him nay.

"I will ask none of these things," said the youth aloud; and bending before the king he thus spoke up: "Your majesty, I ask no reward but a sound beating."

Everyone was astonished at hearing this strange request and the king most of all. But when he saw that Dumling would not change his mind, he ordered him to be tied up, and a hundred lashes to be well laid on.

"But hold!" quoth Dumling, as the scourger was baring his brawny arm; "I have partners in this business. I gave away one half of this my reward to the porter,

and the other half I promised to the court officer, before they would allow me to bring my gift to the king. It is only right that they should receive what I have promised them."

"And thou shalt keep faith with them as I with thee," vowed the king, when he learned how his servants dealt with strangers.

So the porter and the court officer were tied up in Dumling's place, and each received his share of the recompense, fairly counted out; the spectators, who well knew the greed and insolence of these officials, laughed heartily at the justice of the reward.

As for Dumling, the king was so much pleased with the lad's cleverness that he took him into his own service. Thus "the fool of the family" made his fortune; thenceforward no one thought of calling him a simpleton, and all the world spoke nothing but good of him.

—JACOB GRIM.

LESSON XXXI.

Ḡre̱y̸	pāle̩	vĕst	dȯth
chōre̩s̱	jĕst	sāle̩	dĭs̱ cẽrn′ (zẽrn)

PETER GREY.

Honest little Peter Grey
Keeps at work the livelong day,

For his mother is as poor as a mouse;
  Now running up and down
  Doing errands in the town,
And now doing chores about the house.

  The boys along the street
  Often call him hungry Pete,
Because his face is thin and pale.
  And ask, by way of jest,
  If his ragged coat and vest
And his old-fashioned hat are for sale.

  But little Peter Grey
  Never any shape nor way
Doth evil for evil return;
  He is finer than his clothes,
  And no matter where he goes
There is some one the fact to discern.

  You might think a sneer, mayhap,
  Just a feather in your cap,
If you saw him being pushed to the wall;
  But, my proudly-foolish friend,
  You might find out in the end
You had sneered at your betters, after all.

He is climbing up his way
On life's ladder day by day;
And you who, to laugh at him, stop
On the lower rounds, will wake,
If I do not much mistake,
To find him sitting snug at the top.

—ALICE CARY.

LESSON XXXII.

sĭll	rē fūtȩ′	slăn′ dẽr	mĕȧs̱′ ūrȩ
lĕḍġȩ	băn′ ĭsh	sē vĕr′ ĭ tў	ĭn hăb′ ĭt ed
Jū nō	ȧ dŏpt′	bē nēȧth′	ȧ ḡrēȩ′ ȧ blȩ
choiçȩ	kĕn′ nĕl	pẽr′ sȯn al	ĭn′ tẽr ĕst ĭng

rē s̱ẽrvȩd′, kept for.
dōlȩ′ fụl lў, sorrowfully.
dō mĕs′ tĭe, tame, belonging to the household.
eow′ ẽr ĭng, crouching.
eŏn ve̱ȳ′ ĭng, carrying.
ĭn eā′ pȧ blȩ, wanting in ability.
ăp pĕnd′ āġe, belonging, member.
mĭs̱′ ẽr ȧ blȩ, wretched, unhappy.
ȧ bŭn′ dant, sufficient, plentiful.
ăf fĕe′ tiȯn, goodwill, love.

DOGS AND CATS.

I want to say something to those young people who wish to adopt as pets either a dog or a cat.

Don't do it without making up your mind to be really and thoroughly kind to them, and to feed them as carefully as you feed yourself, and to give them shelter from the severity of the weather.

Some people seem to have an idea that throwing a

scrap, or bone, or bit of refuse meat, at odd times, to a dog, is taking abundant care of him. "What's the matter with him? He can't be hungry. I gave him that great bone yesterday."

Ah, my dear boy, how would you like to be fed in that way?

When you show your hungry face at the dinner-table, suppose father should say, "What's that boy here for? He was fed this morning." You would think this hard measure.

In like manner dogs are often shut out of the house in cold, winter weather. A lady and I looked out once, on a freezing, icy day, and saw a great Newfoundland cowering in a corner of a fence, to keep from the driving rain.

"Do tell me if you have no kennel for that poor creature." "No," said the lady, "I didn't know that dogs needed shelter."

She had taken into her family a living creature, without ever having reflected on what that creature needed, or that it was her duty to provide for its wants. Dogs can bear more cold than human beings, but they do not like cold any better than we do; and when a dog has his choice, he will very gladly stretch himself on a rug before the fire for his afternoon nap, and show that he enjoys the blaze and warmth as much as anybody.

As to cats, many people seem to think that a miserable, half-starved beast, with no rights that anybody is bound to respect, is a necessary appendage to a family. This is

a mistake. It is far kinder to have them killed in some quick and certain way than to treat them in this manner.

Cats are often said to have no hearts,—to be attached to places, but incapable of warm, personal affection. It was reserved for a cat by the name of Juno to refute the slander on her race. Her mistress was obliged to leave her at home and go to a neighboring city to live; so she gave Juno to the good lady who inhabited the other part of the house. But no attention or care on the part of the new mistress could banish from Juno's mind the friend she had lost.

The little parlor where she had spent so many pleasant hours was locked up, but Juno would go, day after day, and sit on the ledge of the window-sill, looking in and mewing dolefully. She refused food, and when too weak to mount on the sill and look in, stretched herself on the ground beneath the window, where she died for love of her mistress.

You see by this story the moral I wish to convey. It is that watchfulness, kindness and care will develop a nature in animals such as we little dream of. Love will beget love, regular care and attention will give regular habits, and thus domestic pets may be made agreeable and interesting.

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

LESSON XXXIII.

brĕd fād′ ĕd
eōa̧sts rĕs′ eūȩ
rŭst′ y̆ pĭt′ ĭ fu̧l
tĭm′ ĭd ly̆, faint heartedly, shrinkingly, bashfully.
dĭs suādȩ′ (swād), advise against, to try to persuade.
dū′ tĭ fu̧l ly̆, respectfully, deferentially.

eōa̧st′ ĭng Bôs′ tȯn
chăt′ tĭng pāvȩ′ ment
wĭst′ fu̧l ly̆ ō′ vēr sŏȩk′
ĕx prĕs′ siȯn, look, shown by face.
ăn′ tĭ quā′ tĕd, old-fashioned, out of date.
ġĕn′ ū ĭnȩ, real, true, pure, natural.
ŭn däu̧nt′ ĕd, without fear, without hesitation.

A GENUINE LITTLE LADY.

Going down a very steep street, where the pavement was covered with ice, I saw before me an old woman slowly and timidly picking her way. She was one of the poor but respectable old ladies who dress in rusty black, wear old-fashioned bonnets, and carry big bags.

Some young folks laugh at these antiquated figures; but those who are better bred treat them with respect. They find something touching in the faded suits, the withered faces, and the knowledge that these lonely old ladies have lost youth, friends, and often fortune, and are patiently waiting to be called away from a world that seems to have passed by and forgotten them.

Well, as I slipped and shuffled along, I watched the little black bonnet in front, expecting every minute to see it go down and trying to hurry, that I might offer my help.

At the corner, I passed three little schoolgirls, and heard one say to the other, "Oh, I wouldn't; she will do well enough, and we shall lose our coasting, if we don't hurry."

"But if she should tumble and break her poor old bones, I would feel so bad," returned the second, a pleasant-faced child, whose eyes, full of a sweet, pitiful expression, followed the old lady.

"She's such a funny-looking woman, I shouldn't like to be seen walking with her," said the third, as if she thought it a kind thing to do, but had not the courage to try it.

"Well, I don't care, she's old, and ought to be helped, and I'm going to do it," cried the pleasant-faced girl; and, running by me, I saw her overtake the old lady, who stood at a crossing looking wistfully over the dangerous sheet of ice before her.

"Please, ma'am, may I help you, it's so bad here?" said the kind little voice, as the hands in the red mittens were helpfully outstretched.

"Oh, thank you, dear. I'd no idea walking was so bad; but I must get home." And the old face lighted up with a grateful smile, which was worth a dozen of the best coasts in Boston.

"Take my arm, then; I'll help you down the street, 'cause I'm afraid you might fall," said the child, offering her arm.

"Yes, dear, so I will. Now we shall get on beautifully. I've been having a dreadful time, for my oversocks are all holes, and I slip at every step."

"Keep hold, ma'am; I won't fall. I have rubber boots, and can't tumble."

So chatting, the two went safely across, leaving me and the other girls to look after them and wish we had done the little act of kindness.

"I think Katy is a very good girl, don't you?" said one child to the other.

"Yes, I do; let us wait till she comes back. No matter if we do lose some coasts," answered the child who had tried to dissuade her playmate from going to the rescue.

Then I left them; but I think they learned a lesson that day in real politeness; for, as they watched little Katy dutifully supporting the old lady, undaunted by the rusty dress, the big bag, and the queer bonnet, both their faces lighted up with new respect and affection for their playmate. —LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Every living soul likes sunshine, a cloudy day depresses all. Let us live that we carry no clouds to our offices in the morning, nor home to our families at night.

The pure, clear crystal of the Spring is much better brain diet than ink, and diet has much to do with one's color. Look ever upon the bright side of life and remember, the sorriest beggar has some good in him.

LESSON XXXIV.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

bạẇl
pōrch
mŏ̧ķ̣ķ̣d (t)
çēi̧l′ ĭng
spŭt′ tẽrs̱
elŭs′ tẽrs̱
lămp′ wĭ̧ķ̣k′
eŭb′ bў hōlķ̣′
wĭţch′-tālķ̣s̱′
rȧft′ ẽr-rōōm′
ḡŏb′ lĭns̱
chĭm′ nķ̣ў flūķ̣′

chĕr′ ĭsh, comfort, protect. squĕlchķ̣d (t), crushed, put away.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-
an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you, ef you don't watch out!

Onc't there was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,—
So when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd him
bawl,
An' when he turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at
all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,
an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I
guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-
about:—
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you, ef you don't watch out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood an' kin;
An' onc't when they was "company," an' old folks was
there,
She mocked 'em and shocked 'em, an' said she didn't
care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you, ef you don't watch out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teacher fond an' dear,
An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er' the Gobble-uns 'll git you, ef you don't watch out!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

LESSON XXXV.

ān′ ġĕlş chăr′ ĭ tȳ ȧ bīd′ ĕth tĭn′ klĭng
çēȧsȩ prŏph′ ē çĭȩş ĕn′ vĭ ĕth prŏf′ ĭt ĕth
văn′ ĭsh ehrĭs′ tian mȳs′ tēr ĭȩş ŭn sēȩm′ ĭng lȳ

çȳm′ bal, a sort of musical instrument.

prŏph′ ē çȳ, a declaration of something to come, a prediction.

vȧnt′ ĕth, boasteth, presumeth.

ĭn ĭq′ uĭ tȳ, wickedness, unrighteousness.

prŏph′ ē sȳ, to foretell, to predict.

THE THREE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—I COR. XIII, 1 TO 13.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.—PROVERBS IV, 7.

LESSON XXXVI.

dē̄ s̱īrẹ̀ rụ′ bĭẹ̀s̱ ĕs tăb′ lĭshẹ̀d (t)
mēr′ chan dīs̱ẹ̀, goods, wares. ŭn′dēr stănd′ ĭng, knowledge, knowing.

WISDOM.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath he established the heavens.

By his knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew. —PROVERBS III, 13 to 20.

LESSON XXXVII.

pīpe̩d (t)	ḡlāde̩	ȧ mĭd′	frŏl′ ĭe
eŏt	erŏft	hā′ zel	frĭske̩d (t)
dĕll̩	k̩nĕlt	ȧ sīde̩′	trĭpp̩e̩d (t)
hīe̩s̱	twāi̩n	quōth	dĭm′ ple̩d
fẽrn	bou̩gh̩	frēe̩′ lў	show′ ẽr ў
fâre̩	quĭps	frĭsk′ ў	bēe̩ch′ wŏŏd′
wīle̩s̱	sprāy̩	ŭn fōld′	wạn′ dẽr ĭng
void, free, without.		sẽ rēne̩′	ḡlēa̩m′ ĭng
bŏn′ nў, beautiful, gay, merry.		erōōne̩d, hummed, sang in low tone.	

LITTLE BELL.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he,—
"What's your name? Oh, stop, and straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold!"
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks.
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song, before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know.
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,—
    Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
    Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely, o'er and o'er,
    'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
    From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
    And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear,
    "Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern.
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
    Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies,—
Golden woodlights glancing in his eyes,—
And adown the tree great ripe nuts, kissed brown by
        July sun,
    In the little lap dropped one by one.

Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.
Little Bell looked up and down the glade;
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,—
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close
of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded
palms, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice, to where,
unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape
serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this?" the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft,—oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee." —THOMAS WESTWOOD.

LESSON XXXVIII.

är′ mў ḡro̤ṳp sōl′ di̤ẽrs̱ (jẽrs) ū′ nĭ fôrm
ĕamp wīp′ ĭng ăn̲′ ḡrĭ lў pẽr′ spĭ rā′ tiȯn

ĕôr′ pō ral, the lowest noncommissioned officer. Has charge of a small number of men.

brĕa̤st′ wõrk′, a defensive work of moderate height, made of any material at hand.

ĭn′ çĭ dent, coming or happening accidentally

ĕn rāġe̤d′, provoked, maddened.

ĕŏn fūs̱e̤d′, perplexed, distracted.

pŏmp′ o̤ŭs, boastful, showy.

AN INCIDENT IN WASHINGTON'S ARMY LIFE.

One day during the Revolution when the army was in camp, Washington walked out to enjoy the morning sunshine and see what his men were doing. It was very cold and he put on a long overcoat which hid his uniform, so as he walked among the soldiers they did not know that he was their general.

While walking he saw at some distance a group of men busily engaged in building a breastwork of logs. It was a difficult task and as Washington came near he could see they were trying to raise a very heavy log. The corporal cried out, "All ready! Lift!" The men began lifting with all their might, but it seemed too heavy for them, yet the corporal began calling, "Up with it, men! Up with it!" But did not put a hand to it himself.

The men kept on lifting and had it almost in place, but not the strength to put it farther and Washington could see that soon it must fall unless some one gave them a little help; so he ran up and with his strong arms began to lift. Soon the log was upon the breastwork. The men thanked the tall stranger for his timely help and kindness, but the corporal only looked on and said nothing. Washington, wiping the perspiration from his face, turned to the corporal and asked why he did not help the men when the log came so near falling. "Sir," angrily replied the corporal, "don't you see that I am the corporal?" "Yes, I see that," quietly replied Washington.

"Well sir, I do not help!" said the much angry corporal.

"So I learned," replied Washington, and unbuttoning his overcoat that the enraged corporal might see his uniform, he said, "I am the general; and the next time

you have a log too heavy for your men to lift, send for me."

The confused corporal turned red, and then white, as he realized that it was General Washington who had helped his men, and to whom he had been so pompous.

We hope the corporal learned a lesson of true greatness.

LESSON XXXIX.

jŏt	bĩrth	hȩīg̣ḥts	bär′ ḡains̱ (ḡĕns̱)
wȯn	slīg̣ḥt	sā′ erĕd	eōu̧rt′ shĭp
hăth	loy′ al	ȧ vĕnġ′ es̱	nō bĭl′ ĭ tў
pro̤vȩ	lī′ ĕth	năr′ rōw̧	wĭn′ nĭngs̱
blĭss̱′ ĕs̱		blīnd′ nĕss̱	

sēȩm′ ĭng, appearance, having semblance without reality.
făn′ çĭȩs̱, thoughts, ideas.
bē ḡu̧īlȩ′, to deceive, cheat.
măl′ ĭçȩ, spite, ill will.
ȧ bāt′ ĭng, lessening, diminishing.
pûr sū′ ĭng, seeking.
mētȩ, allot, measure.

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being, not seeming,—
  In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
  Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
  And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
  And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
  We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
  For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
  The bush for the robin and wren;
But alway the path that is narrow
  And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
  The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to Glory
  Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
  Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
  And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
  Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
  Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
  Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing; and doing
  As we would be done by is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
  Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
  Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
  Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble
  Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—ALICE CARY.

LESSON XL.

tāpe̩	rĕl′ ĭsh	fûr′ nā̂çe̩	g̅lo̅o̅m′ ĭ ĕst
wâre̩s̱	fŏr lôrn′	ĭn′ nō̂ çent	bĕc̩k′ one̩d
pōke̩d (t)	mūte̩′ lў	rē̂ frĕshe̩d′ (t)	eȯm′ fō̃rt ȧ ble̩
dē′ pō̂t̩	sĭp′ pĭng	sў̆m′ pȧ thў̆	ĭm pā′ tient lў̆
dĭn′ ġў̆	rā′ dĭ ā′ tō̃r	prē̂ vĕnt′ ed	nĕg̅′ lĭ ġençe̩
bĕn′ ē̂ fĭt	rō̂ măn′ tĭe		ŭn ĭn′ tē̃r ĕst ĭng

pa̩l′ s̱ў̆ paralysis, a disease of the muscles causing a tottering gait.
dĭs̱′ mal, dull, dreary.
ŭn ā′ mĭ ȧ ble̩, repulsive.
rē̂ lŭe′ tant, unwilling.
mȧ ġĭ′ cian, one skilled in magic.
ŭn g̅răm măt′ ĭe al, not skilled in grammar.
tĕs tĭ fȳ, bear witness.

A LITTLE SERMON.

While at the station the other day I had a little sermon preached in the way I like, and I'll repeat it for your benefit, because it taught me one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

It was a bleak, snowy day. The train was late, the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three, and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door as if reluctant to go into the bitter storm again.

She turned presently and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear, I'm looking for the heatin' place to have a warm 'fore I go out again. My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace."

"Here it is;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, isn't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thank you, dear; this *is* comfortable, isn't it? I'm most froze today; bein' lame and not selling much makes me kind of downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup

of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman and said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea in this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a stream of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoestrings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her

and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar women are not romantic, neither are cups of tea, boot laces, and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged woman.

But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half hour in the dreary station.

I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from comforting the heart of every old woman she met for a week after.

—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

LESSON XLI.

sĭn	sạẇn	Jō′ sĕph(f)	pēr fūmẹ̀′
bōrẹ̀	strewn (strụn)	săp′ pĭng	prŏf′ ĭt lesṣ
āḭlṣ	ȧ lŏp′	jăẹ̀k′ ĕts	stûr′ dĭ ĕst
brĭm	hĭth′ ēr	sŭẹ̀k′ ĭng	ḡrŭb′ bĭng
spāçẹ̀	bụsh′ ĕl	blīght′ ed	wĭnd′ fạllṣ
bōrnẹ̀		ġĕs′ tūrẹ̀, expressing feeling by means of the body or limbs, to perform.	

sûr′ veẏ to inspect, look over.

A GOOD RULE.

A farmer, who owned a fine orchard, one day
Went out with his sons to take a survey,
The time of the year being April or May.

The buds were beginning to break into bloom,
The air all about him was rich with perfume,
And nothing, at first, waked a feeling of gloom.

But all at once, going from this place to that,
He shaded his eyes with the brim of his hat,
Saying, "Here is a tree dying out, that is flat!"

He called his sons, Joseph and John, and said he,
"This sweeting, you know, was my favorite tree—
Just look at the top now, and see what you see!

"The blossoms are blighted, and, sure as you live,
It won't have a bushel of apples to give!
What ails it? the rest of the trees seem to thrive.

"Run, boys, bring hither your tools, and don't stop,
But take every branch that is falling alop,
And saw it out quickly, from bottom to top!"

"Yes, father," they said and away they both ran—
For they always said *father,* and never *old man,*
And for my part I don't see how good children can.

And before a half hour of the morning was gone,
They were back in the orchard, both Joseph and John,
And presently all the dead branches were sawn.

"Well, boys," said the farmer, "I think, for my share,
If the rain and the sunshine but second our care,
The old sweeting yet will be driven to bear!"

And so when a month, maybe more, had gone by,
And borne out the June, and brought in the July,
He came back the luck of the pruning to try.

And lo! when the sweeting was reached it was found
That windfalls enough were strewn over the ground,
But never an apple all blushing and sound.

Then the farmer said, shaping his motions to suit,
First up to the boughs and then down to the fruit,
"Come, Johnny, come, Joseph, and dig to the root!"

And straightway they came with their spades and their hoes,
And threw off their jackets, and shouting, "Here goes!"
They dug down and down with the sturdiest blows.

And, by and by, Joseph his grubbing-hoe drew
From the earth and the roots, crying, "Father, look, do!"
And he pointed his words with the toe of his shoe!

And the farmer said, shaping a gesture to suit,
"I see why our sweeting has brought us no fruit—
There's a worm sucking out all the sap at the root!"

Then John took his spade with an awful grimace,
And lifted the ugly thing out of its place,
And put the loose earth back in very short space.

And when the next year came, it only is fair
To say, that the sweeting rewarded the care,
And bore them good apples, enough and to spare.

And now, my dear children, whenever you see
A life that is profitless, think of that tree;
For ten chances to one, you'll find there will be

Some habit of evil indulged day by day,
And hid as the earth-worm was hid in the clay,
That is steadily sapping the life-blood away.

The fruit, when the blossom is blighted, will fall;
The sin will be searched out, no matter how small;
So, what you're ashamed to do, don't do at all.

—ALICE CARY.

LESSON XLII.

āpe̜	ōa̜rs̱	bēa̜′ vẽr	e̜ŏn vēn′ient (yent)
fōre̜	trĕnd	rĕp′ tĭle̜s̱	rē̆ lā′ tiȯns̱
sēa̜l	mĭs lāy̆′	ĕf fĕe̜t′ ed	dē̆ fĕnd′ ĭng
ȧnt	ē′ qual lў	shăṉk	vȧ rī′ ē̆ tў
hīnd	môr′ tar (ẽ)	vĭe′ tĭm	dĭs′ ăp pēa̜re̜d′
tŭsks	pŏs̱ s̱ĕss̱′	ĭn flĭe̜t′	ġĕn′ ẽr ā′ tiȯn
prōōf	e̜ăp′ tĭve̜	sĭm′ ĭ lar (ẽ)	e̜ŏm plēte̜′

făngs̱ sŭr round′ ĭngs ĭn elūd′ ĭng
dē ḡrēe̜′ mŭs′ eū lar (ē) kăṉ′ ḡȧ rōō′
dē vīç′ es̱, contrivances. mŏd′ ĕl, pattern.
sū pē′ rĭ ōr, better. eŏn strŭet′ed, made.
pŏs̱ s̱ĕss̱′ ōr, owner. dē tē′ rĭ ō rāte̜, weaken, degenerate.
eŏn trīve̜d′, planned. eŏm păr′ ȧ tĭve̜ lў, by comparison.
mŏd′ ĭ fīe̜d, changed somewhat. strŭe′ tūre̜, the build, the make.

WONDERFUL TOOLS.

Every animal, whether great or small, weak or strong, must work for his living; and all beings come into the world with a complete set of tools ready made. Very wonderful tools they are, far superior to anything which human fingers can make. The tools of animals do not often wear out, because they form part of the owner's body, growing and repairing as the body grows and repairs; and these tools the happy possessor can never mislay. How convenient for a gardener if he could turn his forehead into a spade, as some beetles do, or for a boatman if he could use his arms for oars, as certain water insects can.

It would save the carpenter much money and trouble if he could use his teeth for chisels, as the squirrel. The mason would do his work very rapidly if he could use his hands for trowels, as the beaver, and carry mortar in his mouth, as the swallow does.

Among animals, such wonders as these are common; their tools serve them also as limbs, and do equally well for running, walking, eating, drinking or working.

Yet, different as the limbs of animals appear to be, and various as the uses are to which they are applied, they are formed of similar parts.

It is evident that these beautiful creatures in endless variety, including man himself, were all planned by the same mind, for they are all formed on the same general model.

It seems as if all their limbs or tools were contrived so as to be in some sort alike in general form and structure, yet altered so as to fit each creature for the life it must lead.

The bones in our arm are the same in number and position as those in the fore leg of a horse, or the wing of a bat; but as each of these animals leads a different life from man's, its limbs are carefully altered, or modified so as to suit its surroundings, without being really changed.

Even the tiny ant has legs joined as ours are, with a hip, thigh and shank, and a little five-jointed foot.

Beasts, birds, fish, reptiles, and insects of prey must earn their living by means of teeth, claws, hooked beaks, poison fangs, or other devices for catching and killing prey. Their sharp tools are all constructed in such a manner as to inflict the least possible amount of pain upon the victim.

Any of these tools would become useless if not used.

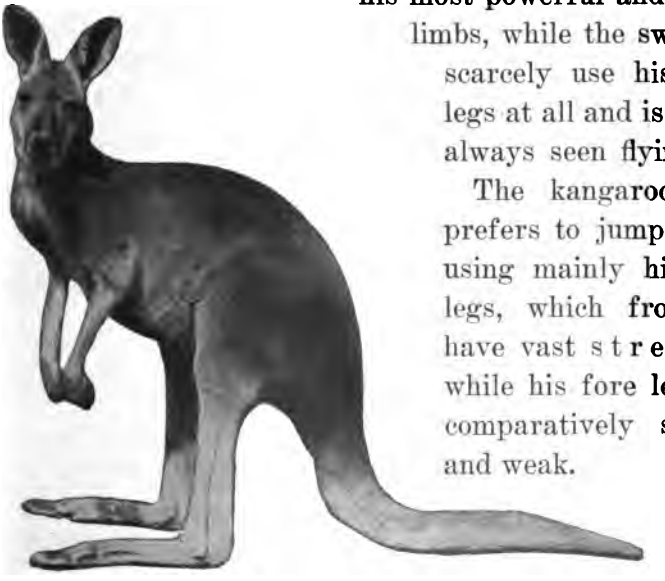
There is one very common creature who is a curious proof that when an animal ceases to use his tools he may

lose them altogether. This creature is the pig, and as we see him in the sty he has no tusks, while his wild relations possess these tools for digging out the roots on which they feed, also for defending themselves.

When man took the pig and shut him up in a sty, by degrees his tusks disappeared, growing shorter and weaker as each new generation of captive pigs was born, until at last sty pigs had no tusks at all.

The ape, who prefers climbing to walking on the ground has by use made his arms very strong and muscular, and is able to swing his weight from tree to tree.

Fowls that prefer to walk or run almost lose the use of their wings. The legs of the ostrich from use have become his most powerful and useful limbs, while the swift can scarcely use his short legs at all and is almost always seen flying.



The kangaroo, who prefers to jump about, using mainly his hind legs, which from use have vast strength, while his fore legs are comparatively small and weak.

The human race in many respects is effected in the same manner as the lower animals. If man does not use the different parts of his body he soon loses the use of those parts. *We help to make ourselves,* that is, we may cause our bodies to deteriorate, or we may help to make them stronger or more active. The same with our minds by study, for we make our minds strong, purer, and better just according to the amount and trend of our study.

"Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face."

Man by means of his hand, his most wonderful tool, earns his own living, and turns his thoughts into acts. He is master of the world and all beings in it. But from the elephant and horse to the tiny bee, each with his set of perfect tools helps to supply our needs by their work. Let us always be kind and gentle masters to our valued servants, and never cruel tyrants.

NOTE.—Australia is the native home of the kangaroo. This illustration is from a photograph taken in its native home.

LESSON XLIII.

trĕ̀ad	sĭn′nẽr	stĩrr̀ed	mûr′dẽr
stĕ̀ad′y̆	spĭn′nẽr	prŏv′ẽrb	splĕn′dõr

PRETTY IS WHICH PRETTY DOES.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child who reads this simple lay,
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendor.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her walls of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

—ALICE CARY.

LESSON XLIV.

blȧst rĭs̱′ en stûr′ dy̆ lŏft′ ĭ ẽr
dẽ fēa̧t′ vĭe′ tō ry̆

DON'T GIVE UP.

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!

—PHŒBE CARY.

LESSON XLV.

lŭb′ bẽr rh̨ȳmȩ măx′ ĭms̱ prŏs′ pẽrȩd
ĭn tĕnt′ mĕl′ lō̆w̧ ĭn crēa̧sȩ′ prĕs̱′ ẽr vā′ tiȯn

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

I think there are some maxims
  Under the sun,
Scarce worth preservation;
  But here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple
  'Tis worth while to know;
And all in the single line
  "Hoe your own row!"

If you want to have riches,
  And want to have friends,
Don't trample the means down
  And look for the ends;
But always remember
  Wherever you go,
The wisdom of practicing,
  "Hoe your own row!"

Don't just sit and pray
  For increase of store,
But work; who will help himself,
  Heaven helps more.
The weeds while you're sleeping
  Will come up and grow,
But if you would have the
  Full ear, you must hoe!

Nor will it do only
  To hoe out the weeds,
You must make your ground mellow
  And put in the seeds;
And when the young blade
  Pushes through, you must know
There is nothing will strengthen
  Its growth like the hoe!

There's no use of saying
  What will be, will be;
Once try it, my lack-brain,
  And see what you'll see!
Why, just small potatoes,
  And few in a row;
You'd better take hold then,
  And honestly hoe!

A great many workers
  I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses,
  Some builders of rhyme;
And they that were prospered,
  Were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of
  "Hoe your own row!"

I've known, too, a great many
  Idlers, who said,
"I've right to my living,
  The world owes me bread!"
A right! lazy lubber!
  A thousand times No!
'Tis his, and his only,
  Who hoes his own row.

—ALICE CARY.

LESSON XLVI.

ĕs eāpȩ′ dĭs′ ăp point′ ment seôrn yi̯ēld

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP.

There has something gone wrong,
  My brave boy, it appears,
For I see your proud struggle
  To keep back the tears.

That is right. When you cannot
  Give trouble the slip,
Then bear it, still keeping
  "A stiff upper lip!"

Though you cannot escape
  Disappointment and care,
The next best thing to do
  Is to learn how to bear.
If when for life's prizes
  You're running, you trip,
Get up, start again—
  "Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Let your hands and your conscience
  Be honest and clean;
Scorn to touch or to think of
  A thing that is mean;
But hold on to the pure
  And the right with firm grip,
And though hard be the task,
  "Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Through childhood, through manhood,
  Through life to the end,
Struggle bravely and stand
  By your colors, my friend.

Only yield when you must;
  Never "give up the ship,"
But fight on to the last
  "With a stiff upper lip!"

—PHŒBE CARY.

LESSON XLVII.

ḡālẹ	fi̧ērçẹ	eȧ nọẹ′	slāv′ĭsh
rāvẹ	sōu̧rçẹ	dow′ẽr	sŭf fīcẹ′(z)
chēa̧t	w̧rēa̧th	fa̧l′tẽr	sŭe çēẹd′
w̧rĕst	rē pāy̧′	păd′dlẹ	voy′ā ġẽr
chāi̧n	băt′tlẹ	dē nīẹd′	ḡlĭt′tẽr ĭng
pûr sūẹ′	nō′blў	bēa̧′eon	
ĭm būẹ′, to fill.		ĕn frăn′chĭs̱ẹ, set free.	

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Voyager upon life's sea,
  To yourself be true;
And where'er your lot may be,
  Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
  Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
  Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
  Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
  You will never fail.

When the world is cold and dark,
  Keep an end in view,
And toward the beacon mark,
  Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
  To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone
  To return no more:
Then let not an hour's delay
  Cheat you of your due;
But while it is called today,
  Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
  Lofty state, and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
  Are a better dower;
But if these will not suffice,
  Golden gain pursue,
And to win the glittering prize,
  Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
  From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
  With the good and great?

Would you bless your fellow-men?
  Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
  Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
  In the world's fierce fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
  Battle for the Right;
And to break the chains that bind
  The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
  Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
  Nothing won is lost—
Every good deed nobly done,
  Will repay the cost;
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
  All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
  Paddle your own canoe.

—SARAH T. BOLTON.

LESSON XLVIII.

ärts	Rō′ mans̱	Pēr′ sians̱	Ė̄ ġy̆p′ tians̱
rōbe̩s̱	wo͝ol′ ĕn	fā′ mo̩ŭs	sĕv′ en tēe̩nth′
skĭll	Ŏr′ ē ḡŏn	ĭn′ dŭs try̆	Wȳ ō′ mĭng

Ū′ tạḥ quạl′ ĭ tў eăs′ sĭ mērẹs̱ Căl′ ĭ fôr′ nĭ ȧ
flŏẹks wọṛst′ ĕd Å mẽr′ ĭ ea New Mĕx′ ĭ eō
Tĕx′ as făe′ tō rў Ẹū′ rō pē′ an çĭv′ ĭ lĭ zā′ tiȯn
Ḡrēẹks çĭv′ ĭ līzẹd ĕx pē′ rĭ ence New Hămp′shirẹ
dē pĕnds̱′ ăd vȧnçẹd′(t) prĭn′ çĭ pal lў Rḥōdẹ Īs̱′ land
Är′ thur Seḥōl′ fịēld Ẹū′ rȯpẹ Ī′ dȧ hō Măd′ ĭ son

dȳẹ′ ĭng, the process or art of coloring fibers of wood, cotton, etc.

eŏm pētẹ′, strive for the same thing.

tĕx′ tūrẹ, that which is woven, a woven fabric.

çĕn′ tū rў, one hundred years.

ĭn ạṷ′ ḡū rā′ tĕd, sworn in office, taking the oath.

măn′ ū făe′ tūrẹ, the making of articles from raw material.

THE SHEEP AND ITS WOOL.

The sheep is one of the oldest and most useful animals in the world. Sheep are known to have lived in every country. Their flesh being used as a food, their skin for different articles of manufacture, and their wool has been principally converted into clothing.

The making of woolen cloth is one of the oldest industries. In the early ages the wool of the sheep was spun into long threads, then woven and made into rude garments. As civilization advanced, the clothing of man improved. Today a great variety of materials is used in making up the wardrobe of civilized man. But even now the two principal articles used for our clothing are wool and cotton.

The dyeing of woolen cloth, by which brilliant colors were produced, was one of the earliest of the fine arts.

Hundreds of years ago the Egyptians, Romans, Per-

sians, and Greeks made robes and shawls of fine texture and beautiful colors. They also made mats, rugs, curtains, and other useful articles. Years later England became famous for the manufacture of worsted goods, broadcloths, and carpets. In the latter part of the seventeenth century England introduced the use of machinery in the manufacture of woolen cloth.

The first machinery for making woolen cloth except, by hand spinning and hand weaving, was introduced into America in the year of 1800. Until this time our forefathers had provided for their families by keeping from a half dozen to fifty sheep, and our foremothers carded, spun, and wove the wool, making the clothing needed for the family use.

The first woolen cloth manufactured by machinery in the United States was made in Massachusetts by two English brothers, John and Arthur Scholfield. They had learned the trade in England and came to Massachusetts, built a factory and soon had a large business.

The people thought their machinery wonderful and the manufacture of the cloth still more wonderful. Such an interest was aroused that men, women, and children from far and near came to visit the factory, and watch the machinery make the cloth. Many people brought them wool from long distances.

Some years later John Scholfield established a factory in Connecticut and within twelve years there were several factories in Massachusetts. In 1812 New Hamp-

shire, Rhode Island and New York each had one factory, and the new industry had become firmly established in the United States.

In 1789 George Washington, our first president, was inaugurated in a dark-brown cloth suit of home manufacture.

When President Madison was inaugurated, March 4, 1809, he wore a suit of black broadcloth, machine manufactured in the United States.

The woolen industry to-day is one of the largest industries in the United States, and those who now raise wool generally make it their sole business.

KANSAS SHEEP.

Most of the sheep are raised on the great plains and in the valleys of the western states. There are now many million sheep in the United States. Flocks of sheep, numbering from five hundred to several thousand, may be seen in Texas, New Mexico, Utah, and Wyoming.

There are in New Mexico alone nearly four million sheep and about the same number in Montana. Ohio, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Oregon have each nearly three million. Ohio has the greatest number of any eastern state.

Our woolen factories use many hundred million pounds of wool each year and most of the cloth made is used by our home people.

The quality of the cloth depends upon the quality of the wool used, the quality of the machinery, and the skill of the workmen. A great deal of skill is necessary in making first-class woolen goods.

Our factories are now using the very best machinery in the world; and our workmen are experienced and skilled and as a class are much superior to those of Europe.

Our machinery is so much better and our workmen can do so much more work in a day, that we are able to compete in prices of our woolen goods with any country, although the cost of labor is much less in the European countries than in the United States. Our blankets, carpets, cassimeres, worsted goods and other woolen cloth can compete with the manufactures of the world.

LESSON XLIX.

lŭlls̱	fēe̜′ ble̜	ĭn quīr′ y̆	ŭn fôr′ tū nāte̜
chōōs̱e̜	bru̯i̯s̱′ ĕs̱	dĭs elōs̱′ ĕs̱	eŏn sĭd′ ẽr ā′ tiȯn
mĭdst	tĕm′ pĕst	dē fôrme̜d′	pē eūl′ iăr′ ĭ tĭe̜s̱
pē eūl′ iar (yẽr), odd.		nū′ mẽr o̜ŭs, many.	

KINDNESS.

If we can not tell in words, we know what kindness is. We all have felt it, and no doubt we all have both given and received it.

There are many ways in which we can show kindness, and many people to whom we should show it. It does not always consist in giving money to the needy. It can be more often shown by doing that which does not cost us a penny.

We all like to receive a "Good morning," when given with a smile and a pleasant voice. If we give just this to one who is ill and sad, it may brighten a whole day for that person.

We should be especially kind to the sick. It is not always best to visit them, but we can send a flower, or a dainty bit of food, or fruit, or even a pleasant word of inquiry.

Sometimes there are strangers in our midst who feel very lonely because away from home and friends. Imagine how we would like to be treated, were we in their places.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

The old and feeble should be treated with the greatest consideration and kindness. There should be something down deep in our hearts that will not let us treat them in any other way. We should remember that if we live, we will be old ourselves, sometime.

We should be kind to poor people. They may be peculiar in dress or manner, but we should be sorry for them, rather than to make sport of them. There are unfortunate people who are deformed in mind or body. If we have any heart at all, it will grow tender toward such people and we will not rudely stare at them, nor in any way show that we notice their peculiarities.

We should at all times be especially kind to father, mother, brother, sister, and friend.

All the people to whom we should be kind and all the ways by which we may show kindness are too numerous to mention. If we look about we will find plenty of chances to show kindness to others. We should always be thoughtful of the comfort and happiness of others and then we will not only give kindness but receive it. It may come back to us when we least expect it, but when much needed. A kind act never gives cause for regret.

Only a loving word!
  But it made a weak heart strong;
And helped a tempted soul to choose
  The right instead of wrong.

Only a loving word!
  But it made the angels smile;
And what it is worth, perhaps we'll know
  After a little while.

A gentle word is never lost;
  Oh! never then refuse one;
It cheers the heart when tempest-tossed,
  And lulls the cares that bruise one;
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
  And turns our thorns to roses;
It changes weary night and day,
  And hope and love discloses.

Every gentle deed you do
One bright spirit brings to you,
One more angel watch to keep
By your pillow while you sleep.

LESSON L.

mēr_e	bâr_e′ lў	fâi̯r′ ĭ_es̱	ăt trăet′ ed
slīç_e	hŏl′ lў	g̱lĭt′ tẽr_ed	pẽrch′ ĭng
bŭnch	blīth′ ẽr	nĕs′ tl_ed	stē_am′ ĭng
sprăng	bŭn′ dl_e	bō_wl′ fu̯l	plŭm′ mў
Tĭl′ lў	tō_ast′ ed	eŏn fīd′ ĭng	ĕv′ ẽr g̱rē_en
Bĕs′ sĭ_e	stär′ tl_ed	flăn′ nĕl	tĕn′ dẽr nes_s

blīth_e, gay, merry, glad.
pär′ çĕl, package, bundle.
bē nŭm_b_ed′, deadened.
nōs̱_e′ g̱ā_y′, a boquet, bunch of flowers.
ŭn g̱rāt_e′ fu̯l, not thankful.
eŏn tĕnt′ ment, state of being satisfied.

TILLY'S CHRISTMAS.

"I'm so glad to-morrow is Christmas, because I'm going to have so many presents."

"So am I glad, though I don't expect any presents but a pair of mittens."

"And so am I; but I shan't have any presents at all."

As the three little girls trudged home from school they said these things, and as Tilly spoke both the others looked at her with pity and some surprise, for she spoke cheerfully, and they wondered how she could be happy when she was so poor.

"Don't you wish you could find a purse full of money right here in the path?" said Kate, the child who was going to have so many presents."

"Oh, don't I, if I could keep it honestly!" and Tilly's eyes shone at the very thought.

"What would you buy?" asked Bessie, rubbing her cold hands, and longing for her mittens.

"I'd buy a pair of large, warm blankets, a load of wood, a shawl for mother, and a pair of shoes for me; and, if there were enough left, I'd give Bessie a new hat, and then she needn't wear Ben's old felt one," answered Tilly.

The girls laughed at that; but Bessie pulled the funny hat over her ears, and said she was much obliged, but she'd rather have candy.

"Let's look, and maybe we can find a purse. People

are always going about with money at Christmas time, and some one may lose it here," said Kate.

So, as they went along the snowy road, they looked about them, half in earnest, half in fun. Suddenly Tilly sprang forward, exclaiming—

"I see it! I've found it!"

The others followed, but all stopped disappointed, for it wasn't a purse; it was only a little bird. It lay upon the snow with its wings spread and feebly fluttering, as if too weak to fly. Its little feet were benumbed with cold; its once bright eyes were dull with pain, and instead of a blithe song, it could only utter a faint chirp now and then, as if crying for help.

"Nothing but a stupid old robin; how provoking!" cried Kate, sitting down to rest.

"I won't touch it. I found one once, and took care of it, and the ungrateful thing flew away the minute it was well," said Bessie, creeping under Kate's shawl and putting her hands under her chin to warm them.

"Poor little birdie! How pitiful he looks, and how glad he must be to see some one coming to help him! I'll take him up gently and carry him home to mother. Don't be frightened, dear, I'm your friend;" and Tilly knelt down in the snow, stretching her hand to the bird with the tenderest pity in her face.

Kate and Bessie laughed.

"Don't stop for that thing; it's getting late and cold;

let's go on and look for the purse," they said, moving away.

"You wouldn't leave it to die?" cried Tilly. "I'd rather have the bird than the money, so I shan't look any more. The purse wouldn't be mine, and I should only be tempted to keep it; but this poor thing will thank and love me, and I'm so glad I came in time.

Gently lifting the bird, Tilly felt its tiny, cold claws cling to her hand, and saw its dim eyes brighten as it nestled down with a grateful chirp.

"Now I have a Christmas present, after all," she said, smiling, as they walked on. "I always wanted a bird, and this one will be such a pretty pet for me."

"He'll fly away the first chance he gets, and die anyhow; so you'd better not waste your time over him," said Bessie.

"He can't pay you for taking care of him, and my mother says it isn't worth while to help folks that can't help us," added Kate.

"My mother says, 'Do as you'd be done by;' and I'm sure I'd like anyone to help me if I was dying of cold and hunger. 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' is another of her sayings. This bird is my little neighbor, and I'll love him and care for him, as I often wish our rich neighbor would love and care for us," answered Tilly, breathing her warm breath over the benumbed bird, who looked up at her with confiding eyes, quick to feel and know a friend.

"What a funny girl you are," said Kate; "caring for that silly bird, and talking about loving your neighbor in that sober way. Mr. King doesn't care a bit for you, and never will, though he knows how poor you are; so I don't think your plan amounts to much."

"I believe it, though; and shall do my part, anyway. Good night. I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, and lots of pretty things," answered Tilly, as they parted.

Her eyes were full, and she felt so poor as she went on alone toward the little, old house where she lived. It would have been so pleasant to know that she was going to have some of the pretty things all children love to find in their full stockings on Christmas morning. And pleasanter still to have been able to give her mother something nice. So many comforts were needed, and there was no hope of getting them; for they could barely get food and fire.

"Never mind, birdie; we'll make the best of what we have and be merry in spite of everything. You shall have a happy Christmas, anyway; and I know God won't forget us, if every one else does."

She stopped a minute to wipe her eyes and lean her cheek against the bird's soft breast, finding great comfort in the little creature, though it could only love her, nothing more.

"See, mother, what a nice present I've found," she cried, going in with a cheery face that was like sunshine in a dark room.

"I'm glad of that, dearie; for I haven't been able to get my little girl anything but a rosy apple. Poor bird! Give it some of your warm bread and milk."

"Why mother, what a big bowlful! I'm afraid you gave me all the milk," said Tilly, smiling over the nice, steaming supper that stood ready for her.

"I've had plenty, dear. Sit down and dry your wet feet, and put the bird in my basket on this warm flannel."

Tilly peeped into the closet and saw nothing there but dry bread.

"Mother's given me all the milk, and is going without her tea 'cause she knows I'm hungry. Now I'll surprise her, and she shall have a good supper, too. She is going to split wood, and I'll fix it while she's gone."

So Tilly put down the old teapot, carefully poured out a part of the milk and from her pocket produced a great, plummy bun that one of the school children had given her and she had saved for her mother. A slice of the dry bread was nicely toasted, and the bit of butter set by for her put on it. When her mother came in, there was the table drawn up in a warm place, a hot cup of tea ready, and Tilly and birdie waiting for her.

Such a poor little supper, and yet such a happy one; for love, charity, and contentment were guests there, and that Christmas eve was a blither one than that up at the great house, where lights shone, fires blazed, a great tree glittered, and music sounded, as the children danced and played.

"We must go to bed early, for we've only wood enough to last over to-morrow. I shall be paid for my work the day after, and then we can get some," said Tilly's mother, as they sat by the fire.

"If my bird was only a fairy bird, and would give us three wishes, how nice it would be! Poor dear, he can't give me anything; but it's no matter," answered Tilly, looking at the robin, which lay in the basket with his head under his wing, a mere little feathery bunch.

"He can give you one thing, Tilly—the pleasure of doing good. That is one of the sweetest things in life; and the poor can enjoy it as well as the rich."

As her mother spoke, with her tired hand softly stroking her little daughter's hair, Tilly suddenly started and pointed to the window, saying in a frightened whisper:

"I saw a face—a man's face, looking in! It's gone now; but I truly saw it."

"Some traveler attracted by the light, perhaps. I'll go and see." And Tilly's mother went to the door.

No one was there. The wind blew cold, the stars shone, the snow lay white on field and wood, and the Christmas moon was glittering in the sky.

"What sort of a face was it?" asked Tilly's mother, coming back.

"A pleasant sort of face, I think; but I was so startled I don't quite know what it was like. I wish we had a curtain there," said Tilly.

"I like to have our light shine out in the evening, for

the road is dark and lonely just here, and the twinkle of our lamp is pleasant to people's eyes as they go by. We can do so little for our neighbors, I am glad to cheer the way for them. Now put these poor old shoes to dry, and go to bed, dearie; I'll come soon."

Tilly went, taking her bird with her to sleep in his basket near by, lest he should be lonely in the night.

Soon the little house was dark and still, and no one saw the Christmas spirits at their work that night.

When Tilly opened the door next morning, she gave a loud cry, clapped her hands, and then stood still, quite speechless with wonder and delight. There, before the door, lay a great pile of wood all ready to burn, a big bundle, and a basket, with a lovely nosegay of winter roses, holly, and evergreen tied to the handle.

"Oh, mother! did the fairies do it?" cried Tilly, pale with her happiness, as she seized the basket, while her mother took in the bundle.

"Yes, dear, the best and dearest fairy in the world, called 'Charity.' She walks abroad at Christmas time, does beautiful deeds like this, and does not stay to be thanked," answered her mother with full eyes, as she undid the parcel.

There they were—the warm, thick blankets, the comfortable shawl, the new shoes, and, best of all, a pretty winter hat for Bessie. The basket was full of good things to eat, and on the flowers lay a paper saying:

"For the little girl who loves her neighbor as herself."

"Mother, I really think my bird is a fairy bird, and all these splendid things come from him," said Tilly, laughing and crying with joy.

It really did seem so, for, as she spoke, the robin flew to the table, hopped to the nosegay, and, perching among the roses, began to chirp with all his little might. The sun streamed in on flowers, bird, and happy child, and no one saw a shadow glide away from the window; no one ever knew that Mr. King had seen and heard the little girls the night before, or dreamed that the rich neighbor had learned a lesson from the poor neighbor.

And Tilly's bird was a fairy bird; for by her love and tenderness to the helpless thing she brought good gifts to herself, happiness to the unknown giver of them, and a faithful little friend who did not fly away, but stayed with her till the snow was gone, making summer for her in the winter time.

—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

LESSON LI.

hŭt	dāmẹ	strĭẹk′en	môr′tal
lēạk	bârẹd	dĭ vīdẹ′	hŭs′band
dīkẹ	ȧ stīr′	ḡlōẇ′ĭng	Hŏl′land
lĕnt	hē′rō	wĭl′ lōẇ	trĭe′ klĭng
nīẹh	dȳ′ĭng	där′ lĭng	lōnẹ′ sȯmẹ

slūiç′ĕs, artificial passages for water. chāfẹ, rage.
sŭe′eōr, help. văl′iant (yant), brave.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of the husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.
And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;

And told them they'd see him back before
  They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
  In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
  With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
  And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
  Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
  Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
  And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
  He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
  Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
  Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
  Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
  As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
  And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
  Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
  And birds to their home come back,
But never a sign of Peter
  Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
  So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
  To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
  On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
  An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
  Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
  Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
  "That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
  Or they would not hold you long!

You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
  "I know why you fret and chafe;

You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
  But our sluices keep you safe!"
But hark! Through the noise of waters
  Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
  As his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
  And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
  As his slender, childish hand.

'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
  Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
  The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
  Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
  Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
  To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
  When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
  And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
  With the strength of his single arm!

He listens for the joyful sound
  Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
  The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough wind blowing,
  And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
  Save the echo of his call.

He sees no hope, no succor,
  His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
  Though he perish at his post!
So, faintly calling and crying
  Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
  Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
  Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
  Of himself as dying—and dead;

And of how, when the night is over,
  They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
  Where duty holds him fast.
The good dame in the cottage

Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?

Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!
"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"

So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared, and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.
'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,

Their boys are taught what a boy can do
  Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
  Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
  Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
  Remembered through the years:
But never one whose name so oft
  Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
  And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
  Divide the land from the sea!

—PHŒBE CARY.

LESSON LII.

tīd̸e̸	ŏd̸d̸′ ĭ tў	ĕn′ ġĭ nēe̸r′	Nĕth′ ẽr lands̱
därt	eȧ năls̱′	eŏn′ tĭ nent	ġē ŏḡ′ rȧ phĭe̸s̱
rēe̸ds̱	dĭ vĭ′ siȯn	elăt′ tẽr ĭng	ăp prō′ prĭ ãte̸
dĭt̸ch′ ĕs	eŏn′ trȧ rў	māi̸n′ stāy̸′	ĭn hăb′ ĭt ants
eŏn fīne̸d′		thrĕa̸t′ ene̸d	ĕm băṉk′ ment

kēe̸l, the bottom timber of a ship.
fôr′ tĭ fīe̸d, strengthened.
ăd jŭst′ ėd, arranged, put in place.
vẽr′ dūre̸, green, greenness.
bụl′ rŭsh′ es̱, a long stemmed water plant.
dĭs̱ ăs′ tro̸ŭs, fatal, destructive.
prē dŏm′ ĭ nāte̸s, rules, masters.
ĭn′ ŭn dā′tiȯn, overflow, a flood.

HOLLAND OR NETHERLANDS.

PART I.

Holland or Netherlands is the queerest little country in the world. Years ago it was known only by the name of Holland, but today the new geographies call this little division of Europe Netherlands.

"Neither-land Nor Water," would seem a very appropriate name for it, as it is difficult to say whether land or water predominates, or whether Netherlands belongs most to the continent or to the sea.

Some say it should be called "Odd-land" or "Contrary-land," for in nearly everything, it is different from other parts of the world.

One oddity is the fact that most of the surface of the land is below the level of its rivers, lakes, and the sea. The land is protected from inundation only by vast walls, built mostly of earth, straw and stones. These walls are called dikes.

The dikes are built and kept in repair at a heavy cost of money and labor. On certain parts of the coast, the ocean dashes and beats with all its might, and presses with all its weight against the dikes and it is as much as the little country can do to stand this pressure.

Sometimes the dikes give way or spring a leak and the most disastrous results follow. The greatest care is taken to prevent accidents. Engineers and workmen are

HOLLAND WATER ROAD.

stationed all along the threatened places; and a close watch is kept up night and day. When a general signal of danger is given, the inhabitants all rush to the rescue, eager to combine against their common foe.

Everywhere else straw is supposed of all things to be worthless in water, but in queer little Netherlands it is the mainstay against a rushing tide. Huge straw mats are pressed against the embankments, fortified with clay and heavy stone; and, once adjusted, the ocean dashes against them in vain.

The dikes are high and wide, and the tops of some are covered with buildings and trees. They also have fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages.

Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of the buildings. The stork clattering to her young on the housetop, may feel that her nest is lifted far out of danger, but the croaking frog in neighboring bulrushes is nearer the stars than she. Water bugs dart backward and forward above the heads of the chimney swallows; and willow-trees seem drooping with shame, because they can not reach as high as the reeds near by.

Canals, water-roads, ditches, rivers, lakes, and ponds are everywhere to be seen. High but not dry, they shine in the sunlight, catching nearly all the bustle and the business, quite scorning the tame fields stretching damply beside them. One is tempted to ask which is Netherlands, the shores or the water? Even the very verdure

that should be confined to the land seems to have made a mistake and gone to the fish-ponds, for most all the ponds are filled with green sprouting grasses.

LESSON LIII.

bēȩr	eăt′ tlȩ	Ēȧst Ĭn′ dĭȩs	Ĭn′ dĭ ȧ Īs′ lands
mīrȩ	frō′ zen	dĭs′ trĭets	rĕe′ ŏg̃ nīzȩ
stōōl	dāi′ rȳ	prŏd′ ŭets	flăp′ pĭng
erȧft	vĕs′ sĕls	dĭs ăs′ tēr	hĕr′ ō ĭsm
Dŭtch	hĭtchȩd (t)	drāin′ āġȩ	plŭck′ ĭ ĕst
sōurçȩ	jŭm′ blȩ	ĕx tĕn′ sĭvȩ	lō eăl′ ĭ tĭȩs
dŏt′ tĕd	trăf′ fĭe	ḡlō′ rĭ ȩŭs	wĭnd′ mĭlls′
ĕx ĭsts′	fā′ vōrȩd	păr′ ȧ dīsȩ	bē wĭl′ dēr ĭng
eŏm mēr′ cial (shal)			ĕn′ tēr prī′ sĭng

ĕx pōrts′, that which is sent out of a country, goods, cattle, etc.

fŏr′ ȩĭgn, other countries or nations.

eŏn′ quĕst, victory, a gain by force.

ĭn dŭs′ trĭ ȩŭs, busy, diligent.

kĭng′ dȯm, a country governed by a king or queen.

pŏp′ ū lā′ tiȯn, the whole number of people.

är′ tĭ fĭ′ cial (shal), that which is made by human hands, or labor.

ăḡ′ rĭ eŭl′ tūrȩ, farming.

HOLLAND OR NETHERLANDS.

PART II.

Water-roads and canals are more numerous in Netherlands than common roads and railways in America. Water-fences in the form of lazy green ditches often inclose the children's play ground, a garden or farm.

Mothers may be heard calling to the children not to swing on the garden gate for fear of being drowned.

Some houses stand on wooden legs and even some horses wear a wide wooden stool on each hoof to lift them out of the mire.

The poorer people wear wooden shoes shaped much like the canal boats. The boys and girls recognize the likeness and have a habit of sailing their shoes on the water. This is fine sport, except when they overload the small craft causing it to sink. This disaster brings sure punishment from their parents.

These poor children have very few playthings, but they have glorious times in the summer, wading, rowing, fishing, and swimming. The whole country is a paradise for ducks.

With all this water you would never think it possible for any of these people to suffer of thirst, yet they sometimes do. In many districts they cannot get water fit to drink, and must carry it from the more favored localities. Even then they would often go thirsty if they did not drink milk, wine, or beer.

The many canals serve as a drainage for the land, as public highways of the country, and as a place for homes.

Persons are born, live, and die on canal boats. Some families who live on these boats, do not only have their gardens on the boats, but also keep ducks, chickens, pigs, and cattle.

There are canal boats of all sizes, some very small and others so large that they are wonders to the world.

The cities in this odd-land seem to be a bewildering jumble of houses, bridges, churches, ships, and trees. In some cities the streets are only water-roads, and vessels are hitched, like horses, to their owners' door-posts.

In the winter all the canals and water-roads are frozen over, then everybody goes skating. The boys and girls learn to skate almost as soon as they learn to walk. They do not only skate from place to place in the cities, but in the country as well, going many miles at a time.

Much of the travel in winter is upon the ice. Sleds of all sizes are used both for travel and traffic. Even chairs on runners pushed by skaters may often be seen.

The country is thickly dotted with great flapping windmills. These windmills are made to do work of various kinds. Some are used to help drain the land, others to grind flour, wash rags, crush lime, break stone, saw wood, crush olives, etc.

The people of this queer little country are called Dutch. They are famous for their love of home and heroism. As a class they are educated, industrious, and enterprising; and are noted for their commercial spirit. Their foreign trade is large and it is their chief source of wealth.

Most of the inhabitants are engaged in agriculture and shipbuilding. Their principal exports are manufactures and dairy products.

This little Kingdom has quite extensive foreign possessions, among which are several West India Islands, and the Dutch East Indies. The population of their colonies is six times as large as that of Netherlands.

Netherlands is truly a country of oddity, courage, love, heroism, and industry. An artificial country—a conquest made by man over the sea. The Dutch made it and it exists because the Dutch preserve it by constant care and work. If only once they became careless and ceased to build and repair the dikes, it would soon be swallowed up by the water. It certainly deserves to be called the pluckiest little country in the world.

Character is the only absolutely indispensable capital.

LESSON LIV.

pärk	lād′en	tŭn′nĕl	fa̧lsȩ̀′hŏŏd
stēȩ̀p	ḡŏs sĭp	pŏp′ū lar (ēr)	sŭs pĭ′cioŭs (pĭsh′ŭs)
ḡlīdȩ̀	pi̧ērcȩ̀d (t)	ĕn′vĭ ȯ̀ŭs	ăf flĭe′tiȯn
shȧft	ru̧′mōr	jĕȧ̀l′ȯ̀ŭs lў	slăn′dēr ērs̱

pĕlf, money, riches.
sôr′dĭd, dirty, foul, vile.
vĭ çioŭs, wicked, spiteful.
ro̧ȕtȩ̀, a road or path, way.

GOSSIP TOWN.

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day?

It isn't far to Gossip Town
  For people who want to go;
The Idleness train will take you down
  In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless Road is a popular route,
  And most folks start that way;
But it's steep down grade; if you don't look out,
  You'll land in Falsehood Bay.
You glide through the valley of Vicious Talk,
  And into the Tunnel of Hate;
Then crossing the Add-To-Bridge, you walk
  Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called They-Say,
  And I've-Heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay
  Are laden with Don't-You-Tell.
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park;
  You're never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
  Who lives on the street Don't Care.

Just back of the Park is Slanderer's Row;
  'Twas there that Good-Name died,
Pierced by a shaft from Jealousy's bow,
  In the hands of Envious Pride.

From Gossip Town Peace long since fled,
But Trouble and Grief and Woe
And Sorrow and Care, you'll meet, instead,
If ever you chance to go.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES TO YOURSELF.

Keep your troubles to yourself,
Put them on an upper shelf,
Far away as they can be,
Where no eye but God's may see.

Other people have their share
Of affliction, pain and care;
Why should you, though sorely tried,
Burden them with yours beside?

Give of treasures you possess,
Loving care and tenderness,
Cheerful smiles or sordid pelf,
But keep your troubles to yourself.

—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

LESSON LV.

härsh	eŏn′ stant lў	lī′ ȧ blȩ	fa̧ul̥t′ fīnd′ ĭng
ȧ mĭss̥′	erēa̧kȩd (t)	ĕx plāi̧n′	dĭs′ pō s̱ĭ′ tiȯn

dĭs trĕss̥′ es, troubles, miseries. sȧ ḡā′ çi̧ȯŭs lў, wisely, shrewdly.

OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants, and much riches, yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with a story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, " 't would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like the creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That is an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever in the house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil; for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a faultfinding spirit. —SELECTED.

LESSON LVI.

dĕb̸t	prŏs′pẽr	pŏs′sĭ blў	tĕmp tā′tiȯn
vĩr′tū̃e̸	rē̃ tīre̸′	ĕm ploye̸d′	eŭl′tĭ vā′tiȯn
vŭl′ḡãr,	vĩr′tū̃ e̸ŭs	ĭn′tĭ mā̃te̸	ĕn ḡāġe̸′mĕnts

low, mean, bad language.

sĭn′ews (ū̃s̱), strength, powers.

eh̸ăr′ăe tẽr, that which a person really is, habit.

prĭn′çĭ ple̸s̱, rule of conduct, good or ill.

ĭn tŏx′ĭ eā′tĭng, that which causes drunkenness.

MAXIMS WORTH LEARNING.

Keep good company or none.

Never be idle; if your hands can not be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Have few intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets if you have any.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Good character is above all things else.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Never listen to vulgar or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles.

Your character can not be greatly injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Always speak and act in the presence of God.

Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give peace of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

LESSON LVII.

Jānȩ	Jĕs′sĭȩ	trŭst′ў	Ĭs̱′ȧ dōrȩ
wȯr′rў		ȩrўs′tal	ȩûrv′ĭng

THE SKATERS.

Hurrah! hurrah! Who cares for the cold?
Winds are rough, but skaters are bold,
Winds may blow, for skaters know,
As over the ice so swift they go,
Winds cannot worry them—let them blow.

There are Tom, John, Harry, and Isadore,
Jessie and Jane, and a dozen more—
Tasks all done—away we run—
And, of all forms of frolic and fun,
There's nothing like skating, under the sun.

Then away, away, o'er the crystal floor;
Away, away, from the reedy shore,
Out of sight, like a flashing light,
Curving neither to left nor right—
Away, on our trusty steel so bright.

Here's the good old moon, with a kindly smile;
Bless her round face, so friendly the while!
We bravely dare the frosty air,
And, so glad and gay, we glide away
Over the floor of the beautiful bay,
Far from the shore away, away.

—LUELLA CLARK.

LESSON LVIII.

prĭm	Ăn′drews̱ (u̯)	tẽr′rĭ blў	Wĭl′liam (yam)
eōu̯rse̯	sŏl′ĕmn̥	prĕs′ent lў	ĭn strŭet′ĭve̯
sĕt′tle̯	hĭs′tō rў	ĭn quīr′ĭng	ĭm pro̤ve̯′ment
pŭb′lĭe	ăe quīre̯s̱′	sūi̯t′ȧ ble̯	ŏb′s̱ẽr vā′tiȯns̱
pū′pĭls̱	thêre̯′fōre̯	eŏn tĭn′ūe̯	eū′rĭ ŏs′ĭ tĭe̯s̱
sāi̯l′ōrs̱	răm′ble̯	dĭf′fẽr ençe̯	sū pē′rĭ ŏr′ĭ tў

bŏḡ, a piece of wet marshy ground.

dūpe̯, cheat, deceive, gull.

tûrn′pīke̯′, a tollgate on a road where money must be paid before traveling on it.

pē′wĭt, a small bird.

Chăn′nĕl, the body of water between England and France.

mĭs̱′t̥le̯ tōe̯, an evergreen plant growing on trees.

hēa̯th, a tract of land overgrown with small evergreen shrubs.

whēa̯t′ēa̯r′, a small European bird.

EYES AND NO EYES.

My Dear Boys: When I was your age, there were no such children's books as there are now. Those which we had were few and dull, and the pictures in them ugly and mean; while you have your choice of books without number, suitable, amusing, and pretty, as well as really instructive, and on subjects which were only talked of fifty

years ago by a few learned men, and very little understood even by them.

So, if mere reading of books would make wise men, you ought to grow up much wiser than us old fellows. But mere reading of wise books will not make you wise men: you must use for yourselves the tools with which books are made wise; and these are your eyes, and ears, and common sense.

Now, among those very old-fashioned boys' books was one which taught me that; and therefore I am more grateful to it than if it had been as full of wonderful pictures as all the natural history books you ever saw. Its name was "Evenings at Home;" and in it was a story called "Eyes and No Eyes;" a regular old-fashioned, prim story; and it began thus:—

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round by Camp Mount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull, he thought. He saw hardly a single person. He had much rather have gone by the turnpike road.

Presently in comes Master William, and terribly dirty and wet he is; he never before had such a pleasant walk, he says; and he has brought home his handkerchief full of curiosities.

He has a piece of mistletoe and wants to know what it is; he has seen a woodpecker and a wheatear, and gath-

ered strange flowers on the heath; he has hunted a pewit because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and very wet he got.

But he did not mind it, because he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting. And then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect and many things more; and so wanted to go again and make out the geography of the country. He had brought home curiosities enough, and thoughts enough, to last him a week.

Whereon Mr. Andrews, who seems to have been a very sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it comes out—if you will believe it—that Master William has been over the very same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

Whereon Mr. Andrews says, wisely enough, in his solemn, old-fashioned way:—

"So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge which one man acquires over another. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world and could tell you nothing but the signs of the public houses."

"On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind. The observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. You, then, Wil-

liam, continue to use your eyes. And you, Robert, learn that eyes were given to you to use."

So said Mr. Andrews; and so I say. Therefore I beg all among you to think over this story, and settle in your own minds whether you will be Eyes or No Eyes. Whether you will, as you grow up, look and see for yourselves what happens; or whether you will let other people look for you, or pretend to look, and dupe you, and lead you about—the blind leading the blind, till both fall into the ditch.

Using your eyes, or not using them, is a question of doing *right* or doing *wrong*. God has given you eyes; it is your duty to use them. —CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LESSON LIX.

Ē′ den	fŏl′ lў	är′ mĭę̣s	scrăp′ bo͝ok
trāçę̣d (t)	ā′ eȯrn	mō′ tĭvę̣s	ăe eū′ mū lā tĭng

WISHING.

Do you wish the world were better?
  Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions,
  Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
  Let your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden
  Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
  Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
  In the scrapbook of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly;
  Live to learn, and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge
  You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
  Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
  As you pass along the way,
For the pleasure of the many
  May be ofttimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
  Shelters armies from the sun.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

LESSON LX.

sŭm	jȧ păn′	Ġẽr′ mȧ nў	rē vŏlv′ ĭng
brăn	mōu̯rne̯d	sō lū′ tiȯn	ôr′ dĭ nā rў
plāne̯	măr′ rĭe̯d	prŏb′ ȧ blў	ŏp′ ẽr ā′ tiȯn
boile̯d	eŏn′ tăet	ŏp′ pō s̱ĭte̯	quạn′ tĭ tĭe̯s̱
erĭmps	Brĭt′ ai̯n	eŏn nĕet′ ed	ĕm ploy′ ment
Frȧnçe̯	wĕd′ dĭng	dē fĕet′ ĭve̯	ăr rānġe̯′ ment
ḡrōōve̯s̱	ĭn′ elīne̯d	ĭn vĕn′ tiȯn	prăe′ tĭ eal lў
hŏp′ pẽr	pŏl′ ĭshe̯d (t)	çўl′ ĭn dẽr	eŏm′ plĭ eāt ed

ĭm pōrt′ ĭng, to bring in from abroad.
eŭs′ tȯm ā rȳ, a common habit.
ĭn ġēn′ ioŭs (yŭs), skillful.
mĕeḥ′ an ĭsm, structure.
ĭm′ pēr fĕe′ tiȯn, defect.
eŏm′ prē hĕn′ siȯn, understanding, knowing.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PINS.

Pins in one form or another were used with the earliest clothing of mankind. History tells us that the first pins used were natural thorns, and the first made were of wood and bone, followed by those made of wire.

The brass pins for ordinary purposes were first manufactured in France, and were so expensive that only the very wealthy could afford to use them.

In those days when a wealthy lady was married, it was customary to give her a sum of money with which to buy pins. This brought into use the expression "pin money," which now has an altogether different meaning.

A wealthy lady of France was given six pins as a wedding present and used them for seven years with the loss of but one, for which it is said she mourned greatly.

As early as the fifteenth century England was importing pins from France and at the same time trying to learn to manufacture them.

In 1775 the enterprising colonists in Carolina made the first pins and the first needles manufactured in the United States, and received a prize for it.

Today there are forty-seven pin factories in the United States, and they manufacture as many as 30,000,000 pins

a day. The present (1907) estimate shows France manufacturing 20,000,000 a day and Germany about the same number, while Great Britain now manufactures 47,000,000 a day.

Pins have become so common and so cheap that we scarcely think it worth while to waste time in picking one up when we drop it.

Although one pin amounts to so little, its manufacture requires complicated and delicate machinery. The manufacture of the large quantities used in the United States alone, each year, forms a great industry, and gives employment to hundreds of people.

The number of pins made in a year is practically beyond comprehension, and the hundreds of tons of these useful little articles are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

What becomes of them? This question has been asked by many. It is estimated that only one pin out of every hundred is worn out or broken by use, the other ninety-nine being lost.

If we should visit a pin factory we would see a very busy little machine being fed with brass wire from large spools. The wire is drawn through holes in a steel plate. The holes are just large enough for the wire to pass through. The wire is then seized by a kind of pincers and pulled through holes in another plate, where the ends are struck in a hammer-like fashion, which forms the heads of the pins.

The wires are then cut off the desired length for the pins, and fall into grooves where they hang by the heads. On the lower side of the grooves, the opposite end of the wire comes in contact with a rapidly revolving cylinder, by which means they are pointed.

All this is done so quickly that an endless stream of pins fall from this machine during its operation. It makes a million or more pins a day, turning them out so rapidly that the sharpest-eyed boy or girl could not count them.

The pins fall from this machine into a tub of oil where they are polished. Then they are boiled in a solution, usually of tin, which makes them white or the desired color. After this coating they are placed in bags of bran, and polished until they shine. The pins are now ready to be stuck in the papers.

The machine which does this work is probably the most ingenious invention connected with their manufacture. The pins are poured into a hopper, from this they pass to a steel plate arranged on an inclined plane, having as many slits in it as there are to be pins in a row.

The pins slide along down in these slits point downward. While the pins are sliding down, the paper which is to hold them is being crimped by the same machine. Then by an odd arrangement a plate comes down and drives them through the two crimps in the paper. The whole five hundred pins are stuck, and the paper rolled up and dropped into a basket ready for market, much more quickly than we could tell it.

One of these machines will stick a hundred thousand pins in an hour. The mechanism is so delicate that the least imperfection in a pin will stop the feeding until the defective pin is removed.

Most of the black pins are made of steel or brass wire and are coated with japan or other black polishing liquid.

LESSON LXI.

rŭst	mōldş	tŏd′ dlĭng
stȧnch	mŭs′ kĕt	trŭn′ dlę-bĕd′

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
  But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
  And his musket it molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
  And the soldier was passing fair,
And there was a time when our Little Boy Blue
  Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
  "And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
  He dreamed of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
  Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—

Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

EUGENE FIELD.
1850-1895.

Ah, faithful to little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—EUGENE FIELD.

LESSON LXII.

mīt̸e̸	squạsh	erē̸e̸p′ y̆ līk̸e̸′
snāk̸e̸s	Tĕmp̸t′ ẽr	stär vā′ tiȯn

SEEIN' THINGS.

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes away the light.
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!
Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a'standin' in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly an' so creepy-like they never make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!
Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,

An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;
An' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!
An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes, 'at 's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not—pass my plate f'r them things twice!
No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight
Than I would keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night!

—EUGENE FIELD.

LESSON LXIII.

prī′ vāt̩	Sāv′iõr(yõr)	Tĕs′ tȧ ment	dĭs e̜ŭr′ ā̇ġ̩ed
sĭn çēr̩′	fāi̯th′ fu̯l	slăc̩k′ en̩d	ŏe′ eū pā′ tiȯn
pûr′ pȯs̩	ȧ băn′ dȯn	ō pĭn′ iȯn (yȯn)	ŏb s̱ẽrv′ anç es̱
dĭs pōs̩d′	rē lĭ ġi̯o̜ŭs	eŏn vĭe′ tiȯn	fŏr măl′ ĭ tĭe̜s̱
trāi̯n′ ĭng	ĕn trēa̜t′ ed	ĕx pĕr′ ĭ ment	ĭm pŏs′ sĭ bĭl′ ĭ tў
Chärle̜s̱	Dĭc̩k′ ĕns̱	dē tẽr′ mĭ nā′ tiȯn	

ĕx hôrt′, advise, caution.
pēr′ sē vērę′, strive, continue.
ĭm prĕsṣ′, fix in the mind, inculcate, stamp.
hăr′ asṣęd (t), tired, importuned, troubled, annoyed.
trăns ăe′ tiŏn, act of affairs.
ĭn tēr′ prē tā′ tiŏns, meanings, sense, versions.

CHARLES DICKENS' LETTER TO HIS SON.

I write this note to you today, because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me to think of now and then at quiet times.

I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne.

It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been; and without that training, you could have followed no other suitable occupation.

What you have always wanted until now has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do, as well as you can do it.

I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and to do it out of this determination; and I have never slackened in it since.

Never take a mean advantage of any one in any trans-

action, and never be hard upon people who are in your power.

Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Savior than that you should.

I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason, and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child, because it is the best book that ever was, or will be, known in the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided.

As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or mere formalities.

I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things, before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now would most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it.

Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it.

I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. In no other way can you show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

LESSON LXIV.

jŏb	drōvȩ̇	mĕs′sāġȩ̇	māi̧n tāi̧n′
Săm	sŭlk′y̆	chŏp′pĭng	ŏf fĕnd′ ẽr
Lăd̨d̨	prŏp′ ẽr	sŏf′t̨enȩ̇d	sō̆ çī′ ē̆ ty̆

frā′ eas, quarrel, disturbance.
dē̆ vōt′ ĭng, giving attention, consecrating.
eŏn sē̆ quĕnçȩ̇, result.
ăd join′ ĭng, next to, near.
ĭn jŭs′ tĭçȩ̇, a wrong.
nĕḡ lĕet′ ed, omitted, disregarded.

THE PEACE SOCIETY.

William Ladd was the President of the American Peace Society, and he believed that the principle of *peace,* carried out, would maintain good will among neighbors as well as nations. But there was a time when he had not fully considered this subject. He had not thought much about it. He believed that if a man struck him a blow, it was only just and fair to strike back, without considering

whether or not there was any better way of overcoming the offender. If a man did him an injury, he would "give him as good as he sent," as people commonly say.

He owned a farm, and a poor man, who lived on land adjoining his, neglected to keep up a fence which it was his business to keep in order; and, in consequence, his sheep got into William Ladd's wheat-field and did much mischief.

William Ladd told his man Sam to go to the neighbor, and tell him he must mend the fence and keep the sheep out. But the sheep came in again, and William Ladd, who was an orderly man himself, was provoked.

"Sam," said he, "go tell that fellow if he does not keep his sheep out of my wheat-field I'll have them shot." Even this did not do—the sheep were in again. "Sam," said William Ladd, "take my gun and shoot those sheep." "I would rather not," said Sam. "Rather not, Sam? Why, there are but three. It's no great job." "No, sir; but the poor man has but three in the world, and I'm not the person that likes to shoot a poor man's sheep." "Then the poor man should take care of them. I gave him warning, why did he not mend his fence?" "Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of a message. It made him angry, and so he would not do it."

"I considered a few moments," said William Ladd, "and then I told Sam to get the horse and buggy." 'Shall I bring you the gun?' said Sam. 'No,' said I. I saw he half smiled, but said nothing. I got into my buggy and

drove up to my neighbor. He lived a mile off, and I had a great deal of time to think the matter over. I really did not wish to do him an injustice.

"When I drove up to the house, the man was chopping wood. There were few sticks of wood, the house was poor, and my heart was softened. 'Neighbor,' I called out. The man looked sulky, and did not raise his head. 'Come, come, neighbor,' said I. 'I have come with friendly feeling to you, and you should meet half way.'

"He perceived that I was in earnest, laid down his ax, and came to the buggy. 'Now, neighbor,' said I, we have both been in the wrong. You neglected your fence, and I became angry and sent you a provoking message. Now, let us face about and both do right. I'll forgive you. Now let's shake hands.' He did not feel like giving me his hand, but he let me take it. 'Now,' said I, 'neighbor, drive your sheep down to my pasture. They shall share with my sheep till next spring, and you shall have all the yield, and next summer we will start fair.'

"His hand was no longer dead in mine, and he gave me a good friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, 'I guess you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all.' And the little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep was," said William Ladd, "the first step to my devoting myself to 'The Peace Society.' "

"He that wrongs his neighbor, wrongs himself more."

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

LESSON LXV.

swāy	sŭnk	bow′ ērs	rĕck′ lesh
reign	ghärd	û nītes′	mŏn′ stēr
bôr′ dēr	glōōm	rŭf′ fĭan	stōre′ house′
dōōm	Quēen	dĭs ôr′ dēr	pā′ tiĕnçe (shĕns)

hăv′ ŏe, destruction, waste.

vīçe, depravity, moral fault.

târes, destructive weeds.

bär′ bȧ rous, uncivilized, rude, ignorant.

ĭsth′ mŭs, a narrow strip of land connecting two continents or large bodies of land.

û sûrped′ (t), to seize or hold without right.

THE BARBAROUS CHIEF.

There was a kingdom known as the mind,
  A kingdom vast, and fair,
And the brave King Brain had the right to reign
  In royal splendor there.
Oh! that was a beautiful, beautiful land
  Which unto this king was given;
It was filled with everything good and grand,
  And it reached from earth to heaven.

But a savage monster came one day,
  From over a distant border;
He made war on the king and usurped his sway,
  And set everything in disorder.
He mounted the throne, which he made his own,
  And the kingdom was sunk in grief,
There was sorrow and shame from the hour he came—
  Ill Temper, the barbarous chief.

He threw down the castles of Love and Peace,
  He trod down the grain that was sowed by Brain,
And planted thistles and tares.
He wasted the storehouse of knowledge, and drove
  Queen Wisdom away in fright,
And a terrible gloom like the cloud of doom
  Shadowed that land with might.

Then bent on more havoc, away he rushed,
  To the neighboring kingdom of Heart,
And the blossoms of kindness and hope he crushed,
  And patience was made to depart.
And he even went on to the isthmus Soul,
  That unites the Mind with God,
And its beautiful bowers and fragrant flowers
  With a reckless heel he trod.

Oh! to you is given this beautiful land
  Where the lordly Brain has sway—
But the border ruffian is near at hand—
  And be on your guard, I pray.
Beware of *Ill Temper,* the barbarous chief,
  He is cruel as Vice or Sin;
He will certainly bring your kingdom grief
  If once you let him in.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

LESSON LXVI.

a̧u̧e′ tiȯn	ĭn′ tẽr val	ĕd′ ĭt ĭng	whēȩl′ băr′ rō̆w̧
bus̱′ ĭ ẽr (bĭs̱)	slŭm′ bẽrs̱	ō′ vẽr wõrk′	ăp prē′ çĭ ā′ tiȯn

ADVICE TO A SON.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work.

If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work, are the men who work the hardest.

Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is almost beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty.

Boys seldom die from overwork, but they do often die because they quit work at six P. M. and don't get home until two A. M. It is the interval between, that kills, my son.

Work gives you an appetite for your meals; it gives peace to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names. It simply speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boys." Nobody likes them. The great, busy world does not know that they are here.

Find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, and your holidays will be brighter and happier. You will be better satisfied with yourself and the world, and the world will be better satisfied with you.

—R. J. BURDETTE.

It is better to say: "This one thing I do," than to say: "These forty things I dabble in."

Think for thyself—one good idea,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown.

—WALTER SCOTT.

LESSON LXVII.

chĭns̱	ĕf′ fôrt	fär′ thĕst	wạsh′ stănd′
ĕn′ trў	jăn′ ĭ tōr	lōnẹ′ lў	ŭn drĕss̱′ ĭng
ĕl′ bōw̱	eăn′ dlẹs̱	tĭṉ′ ḡlĭng	ŏe′ eū pīẹd
bụl′ lў	shāv′ ẽr	eŏn found′	sĭxth′ fôrm
ĕl′ dẽr	chīld′ hŏŏd	ŭn rōb′ ĭng	rē spŏn′ sĭ blẹ
ăḡ′ ō nў	nŏv′ el tў	ŭn lāç′ ĭng	ō′ vẽr whĕlmẹd′
brụ′ tal	snĭv′ el ĭng	nīg̱ḥt′ ḡown′	ĭm mē′ dĭ ātẹ lў

Rŭḡ′ bў, a boys' school at Rugby, England, established in 1567.

dôr′ mĭ tō rў, a sleeping room at a college or boarding school.

dĭs′ çĭ plĭnẹ, government, order, rule.

tĕs′ tĭ mō nў, evidence, proof of some fact.

ăb lū′ tiȯn, washing of the body, or some parts of it.

pŭṉe′ tū al, prompt, exact, on time.

nẽrv′ ẹŭs lў, excited manner, agitated, timid.

wāi̱st′ eōạt, a vest.

ARTHUR'S FIRST NIGHT AT RUGBY.

PART I.

Immediately after schoolhouse prayers, Tom led Arthur up to the dormitory and showed him his bed. It was in a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows, from which one could see the school near by.

There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the farthest corner by the fireplace was occupied by the sixth-form boy who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by boys in the lower-fifth and other forms.

The eldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old, and they were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys came to bed from ten to a quarter-past (at which time the old janitor came round to put the candles out), except when they sat up to read.

Within a few minutes, therefore, of their entry, all the other boys who slept in No. 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers; while the elder, among whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had never clearly crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could

hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the foot of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your washstand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly between the beds out to his washstand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees.

It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he did n't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth, the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the foot of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur, and he did n't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered; and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in

the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver.

Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there; and the old janitor, as punctual as the clock, put out the candle and toddled on to the next room, shutting the door with his usual, "Good-night, gen'l'm'n."

LESSON LXVIII.

Dĕv′il	mŏ̧ķed (t)	a̤l rĕa̤d′y̆	ḡlĭm′mẽr ĭng
thrŏbb̧ed	bĭt′tẽr est	ĭn′flū enç̧e	tĕmp tā′tiȯn
ĕx ăm′pļe	pŭb′lĭ can	wĭt′nĕsş es̱	squâŗe′tōe̤s̱′

lōa̤tḩed, disliked, hated.

fa̤l′tẽŗed, hesitated, trembled.

sŭb̧′tļe, artful, cunning.

ĭm′pŭlşe, feeling, force.

cow′ard ĭç̧e (ẽrd), want of courage.

rē s̱ŏlv′ĭng, deciding, determining.

tĕs′tĭ mō ny̆, evidence, proof of some fact.

ĕx ăġ′ģẽr ā′tĕd, enlarged beyond the truth.

ARTHUR'S FIRST NIGHT AT RUGBY.

Part II.

There were many boys in the room, by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the bed of poor Tom. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came to him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel at his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

Poor Tom! The first and bitterest feeling was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. And then the poor, little, weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he dared not do.

The first dawn of comfort came to him in resolving that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all. And then

peace came to him and he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning.

The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the Devil showed him, first, all his old friends calling him "Saint," and "Squaretoes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would be left alone with the new boy; whereas, it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number.

And then came the more subtle temptation, "shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public, at least, I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him?

He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise

from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and also that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without his witnesses.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

FROM TOM BROWN AT RUGBY.—THOMAS HUGHES.

LESSON LXIX.

blew	elown	mŭt′ tēr ĭng	mōōn′-serăp′
măd	eloud′ less	mōōn′ bēȧm′	mō′ tiȯn less
blârȩ	hăl′ lōōȩd′		măṭch′ less

rĕv′ ĕls, a noisy, joyous feast.
mär′ vĕl, to wonder.
slŭm′ bērȩd, slept.
rā′ dĭ ant, beaming with brightness.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in the chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon;
So deep
On a heap
Of cloudless sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain;
Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

He blew, and he blew, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and silent the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry, mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar;
"What's that?"—The glittering thread once more

He flew in a rage—he danced and be blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith,
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

LESSON LXX.

elăp	bī′ sŏn	eŏm pōs̱e̦d′	Ĉŏl′ō rä′ dō
trāi̦ls̱	prāi̦′ rĭe̦	eŏm′ prō mīs̱e̦	Kăn′ sas
lī′ ȯns̱	shăl′ lōw̦	dĭs eȯv′ ẽre̦d	Nă′ tiȯn al
hīde̦s̱	dĭs chärġe̦′	rē pŭl′ sĭve̦	dĭs tĭn̲et′ lȳ
hẽrd	hĭd′ ē o̦ŭs	pĭe̦k′ ĕt ed	vĕx ā′ tiȯns̱
ḡrāze̦	bŭf′ fȧ lō	eŏn′ tĭ nent	ĭn′ eŏn vēn′ ient
pŭff	rāi̦l′ rōa̦ds̱′	ŏe eā′ s̱iȯn al	dĭs trĭb′ ū ted
fi̦ērçe̦	sla̦u̦gh̦′ tẽr	ĭn′ dĭ vĭd′ ū al	eär′ eass̱ ĕs̱

bŭf′ fȧ lō-wa̦l′ lōw̦, a hollow in the ground made by the buffalo.
păr′ ȧ lȳze̦d, unnerved, made inactive or dumb.
ĕm′ ĭ ḡrant, one who moves from one country to another.
tĕr rĭf′ ĭe, powerful, terrible.
ĕx tĭn̲et′, gone, destroyed.
stăm pēd′ ed, ran away in a panic.
trăns′ pōr tā′ tiȯn, means of carrying people or freight.
ăn nī′ hĭ lā′ tiȯn, destruction.

AMERICAN BISON OR BUFFALO.

The first herd of buffalo I ever saw, was composed of about forty animals, of which fifteen or twenty large, fierce looking old bulls were leading the herd.

Mr. Weaver the hunter who was with me saw them first. They were coming toward us and we hastily hid

ourselves in a shallow buffalo-wallow, having to lie very close to the ground to prevent their seeing us. We both had good guns, and Mr. Weaver was an old experienced hunter, lucky for me. But before the buffalo came within three hundred yards of where we were lying, I said to Mr. Weaver in a whisper, "Let us compromise with the monsters; if they'll let us alone, we'll let them alone. I'll be more than glad when they've gone by."

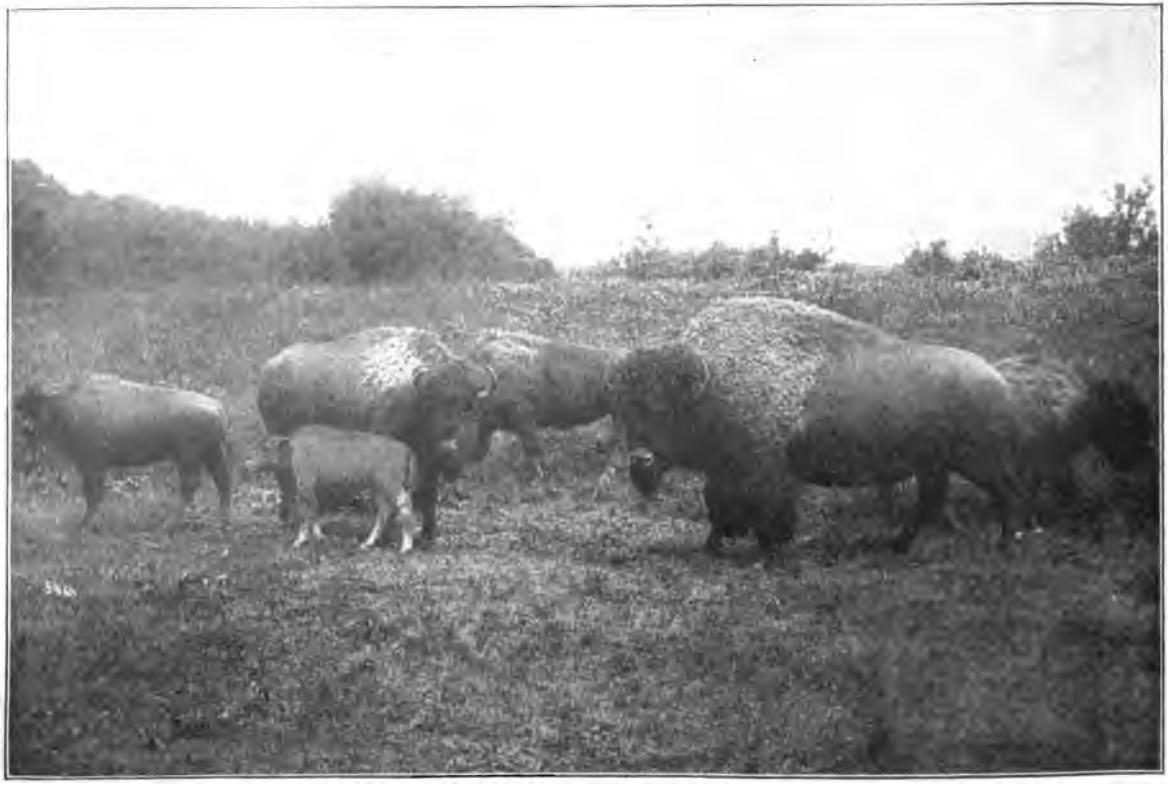
Mr. Weaver smiled and I trembled; I could not have hit the broad side of a barn a hundred feet away.

The buffalo grazed along, coming so close that at every mouthful of grass they gathered I could distinctly hear a puff from their large nostrils, and see their teeth grinding together. To me they were hideous monsters. They resembled both elephants and lions, and as they moved toward us the very earth shook and trembled.

I paid no more attention to them, they were too near for comfort, and I shut my eyes, scarcely daring to breathe, when suddenly, like a clap of thunder, came the report of a gun, and I was nearly paralyzed.

Mr. Weaver had fired at the leader of the herd. His gun was the large, old-fashioned, heavy gun used by hunters at that time, and the discharge was almost as terrific as a cannon. When all was silent again, I discovered that at least one buffalo could never frighten me again.

This little incident occurred on the eastern plains of Colorado near the Kansas line in 1870.



HERD OF WYOMING BUFFALO.

Even to a horse there is nothing more terrible or repulsive than the first sight or smell of a buffalo. A buffalo has caused many a man to be left on the open prairie as the result of the fright given to the horse he was riding or driving. Many horses have stampeded from buffalo coming too near where they were picketed out to graze.

My partner and I were once compelled to walk sixteen miles, from just such an experience. Our horses became frightened at the approach of a small herd and broke away. I was a much delighted individual when I discovered the horses had been caught by a friendly hunting party, and that we did not have a hundred or more miles to walk.

Often in such cases the horses were lost, or when found by the hunter or emigrant, they were dead from thirst. Many such vexations and disasters came to the hunters and emigrants on their lonely "trails" across the continent.

Buffalo were numerous in those days, but today they are almost extinct. Only a small number in our National and other parks. While scarcely a quarter of a century ago millions roamed over the plains of North America.

When railroads were built in the vast territory, the slaughter of the poor animals began.

Until this time the emigrant and occasional hunter had killed only a comparative few for meat or robes, but when transportation became less inconvenient and dan-

THE LARGEST AND OLDEST BUFFALO IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

gerous, buffalo robes were in demand and hundreds were sent to Europe to be converted into leather. Thousands of green hides were distributed to the markets of the world.

Some men rushed into the hitherto unknown country to kill merely for the sport of it.

To those who traveled across the continent at that time and saw the carcasses of the huge beasts, and the bleached bones, thickly strewn for miles along the railroads and old "trails" are not surprised at the almost complete annihilation of the buffalo within a few years.

LESSON LXXI.

fōr~~e~~′ fä′ thẽrs̱	rē nown′	thȳ
fȧ mĭl′ iar (yẽr)	ḡŭsh′ ĭng	hew (hū)
tow′ ẽr ĭng	bough (bou)	sô~~u~~~~gh~~t

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
  Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
  And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
  Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
  Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
  My father pressed my hand;
Forgive this foolish tear,
  But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
  And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
  And woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
  Thy ax shall harm it not.

—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

LESSON LXXII.

păn′ s̱ĭe̜s̱	ăl′ lowe̜d	eŭd′ dle̜d
ḡrowle̜d	āch̩′ ĭng	chĕr′ rĭe̜s̱

THE LITTLE LAZY CLOUD.

A pretty little cloud away up in the sky,
Said it did not care if the earth was dry:
'Twas having such a nice time sailing all around,
It wouldn't, no, it wouldn't, tumble on the ground.

So the prettly little lilies hung their aching heads,
And the golden pansies cuddled in their beds;
The cherries couldn't grow a bit, you would have pitied them,
They'd hardly strength to hold to the little slender stem.

By and by, the little cloud felt a dreadful shock,
Just as does a boat when it hits upon a rock;
Something ran all through it, burning like a flame,
And the little cloud began to cry, as down to earth it came.

Then old Grandpa Thunder, as he growled away,
Said, "I thought I'd make you mind 'fore another day;
Little clouds were meant to fall when the earth is dry,
And not go sailing round away up in the sky."

And old Grandma Lightning, flitting to and fro,
Said, "What were you made for, I should like to know,
That you spend your precious time sailing all around,
When you know you ought to be buried in the ground?"

Then lilies dear and pansies all began to bloom,
And the cherries grew and grew till they took up all the room.
Then by and by the little cloud, with all its duty done,
Was caught up by a rainbow and allowed a little fun.

—SELECTED.

LESSON LXXIII.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
1706-1790

wĭt
boil
brēf
pāvĕd
dē çēĭt′
sē eūrĕd′
rē lēăsĕ′
Rĭch′ ard
Gȧ zĕttĕ′
ăs sĭst′ ed
Al′ mȧ năe
săt′ ĭs făe′ tiȯn
rē märk′ ȧ blĕ
ĭm mē′ dĭ ātĕ
ĭn′ stĭ tū′ tiȯnş
ȧ bĭl′ ĭ tȳ
lĭb′ ēr al lȳ
boil′ ēr
tăl′ lōw
sō′ cial (shal)
ĕd′ ĭ tōr
Pū′ rĭ tan
eŏn elūd′ ed
mĭn′ ĭs tēr
pŭb′ lĭshĕd (t)
ĕx′ çĕl lent
Rē pŭb′ lĭe
făe′ tō rĭĕş
ăb′ ō lĭ′ tiȯn
ō rĭg′ ĭ nal
sĕĭ′ ĕn tĭf′ ĭe
mȧ chĭn′ ēr ȳ
dĭs hŏn′ ĕs tȳ
pō lĭt′ ĭ eal
pē tĭ′ tiȯn
eŏn′ scĭ ĕn′ tiȯŭs, just, faithful.

ăp prĕn′ tĭçĕ, to put under the care of a master for instructions in a trade.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin, was born in Boston, January 17, 1706.

His father was a poor soap boiler and tallow candle maker, but a respectable, conscientious, well meaning man, and a good loyal English Puritan.

Benjamin had a number of older brothers who evidently taught him to read, for he could read long before he was sent to school. He began going to school when eight years old, and worked diligently on all his lessons. His favorite uncle lived with the family. He was delighted with Benjamin's liking for books, and believing that the boy should study for the ministry, forthwith gave him a large book of sermons. These Benjamin read but did not understand. As he was so fond of reading his father also thought he should study for the ministry. Benjamin did not wish to be a minister and his father soon learned this fact.

When he was ten years old he had to leave school and go to work. There were no great factories in those days and very little machinery. Everything was made by hand. Benjamin helped his father boil soap and make candles. During this time he borrowed books from the book-stores and often after working all day he would sit up half the night to read and study.

His father knew the boy would never be happy as a soap boiler and candle maker, and feared that he might

run away to sea; so reasoning that his liking for books would help him as a printer the father concluded to make a printer of him. This was just what young Benjamin wanted.

His older brother James was a printer, so Benjamin was bound as an apprentice to this brother until he was twenty-one years old. There he worked and studied. Every spare moment during the day and evening he spent in study. His brother was not kind to him or even just. This the father knew but could do little to prevent the injustice.

When Benjamin was seventeen years old he secured his release from the brother and went to New York to seek work. He found only one printer in New York and not a newspaper. He then went on to Philadelphia, where he found work and made many friends, who both loved and trusted him.

By careful saving, diligent work and study he established a print shop of his own. His first job brought him a very small profit, but the work was so well done that it led to a great increase in business.

The idea soon occurred to him to print a newspaper, there being but one in the Colony and that miserably dull. Franklin called his paper "The Pennsylvania Gazette." It proved a great success, and was remarkable for its brilliant and original articles which brought the editor, then but twenty-three years old, into immediate notice. His paper was later called, "The Saturday Even-

ing Post," which yet bears the name and is the oldest newspaper in America.

Franklin's newspaper gave him great influence both social and political and was admitted to be the best paper in the country. The essays or articles that he wrote for his paper were always useful, to the point and contained much wit. This made them famous, and paved the way for his almanac known as "Poor Richard's Almanac," which he published for twenty-five years. It had a large sale and combined more wisdom and good sense in a brief way than any other book published in America during the eighteenth century. It was a great power for good, hundreds of thousands of people were made better and stronger by it. The parents read it and taught its wise sayings to their children, and many of the maxims are still excellent guides.

When the war broke out between the Colonies and England, he was sent to England to try to gain some justice from the King and to convince the English of their injustice to the Colonists. This he did to the best of his ability but not to his satisfaction, as he could not gain what the Colonists desired, so he returned home determined to strengthen their forces for war. He gave liberally of his own money to help the cause and later went to France for aid and there he secured much help and influence toward gaining American Independence.

His learning, wisdom, wit and sound reasoning power

astonished the people of Europe and gained respect for the struggling Colonists.

In 1776, he assisted in writing the Declaration of Independence and when the war was over he helped to frame the Constitution of the United States. His value to the American Republic is second only to that of Washington.

He founded more good institutions and benevolent enterprises than any other man of his time. His valuable scientific discoveries and inventions made him famous in Europe as well as America.

His whole life is a lesson in thoughtful industry and shows that a very poor boy may become a very wise, honored man. Wherever he went, at home or in Europe, he was always seeking to find ways to benefit his fellowmen, and show them how to help themselves. Nothing seemed too hard for him to do.

He was benevolent, sincere and just in his dealings, hating deceit, flattery, falsehood, injustice and all dishonesty. His last public act was to sign a petition to Congress, asking the abolition of slavery.

He died in Philadelphia, April, 17, 1790, and is buried in the graveyard of the Christ Church.

His death was a public loss and he was mourned by the people of two continents.

Discouragements? Plenty of them at every turn of the road. The only way to ride buoyantly on the wave of success is to buffet the incoming surf and go through it, no matter how hard the task may seem.

LESSON LXXIV.

văn	poul′trў	dĭl′ĭ ġençe̥
rēḁr	wĕḁlth′ў	mĕm′ō rĭe̥s
dĕb̥t′ōrs̱	erĕd′ĭt ōr	slŭḡ′ḡard (ẽrd)

FRANKLIN'S MAXIMS.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

He that would thrive
Must either plow or drive.

Never leave till to-morrow what you can do today.

A word to the wise is enough.

It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.

God helps those who help themselves.

There are no gains without pains.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

One today is worth two to-morrows.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Constant dropping wears away stones.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts the whole day.

If pride leads the van, begging brings up the rear.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

If you would keep a secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.

He that can travel well a-foot keeps a good horse.

—FROM POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

LESSON LXXV.

flū′ĭd
erē āt′ ed
mŏd′ ērn
ăp prē′ cĭ ātę
lī′ brā rȳ
ĕl′ ē ment, a necessary part.
eŭl′ tūrę
quī′ ĕt ĭng
mȧ nūrę′
ē lĕe′ trĭe al
dĭs eȯv′ ēr ĭęs
ġĕn′ ēr ęŭs lȳ
ē eŏn′ ō mīzęd
vĕn′ tĭ lā′ tiȯn
ġĕn′ ēr al lȳ
eŏn ġrĕs′ siȯn al
ĭn′ tĕl lĕe′ tū al
ăd vīs′ ȧ bĭl′ ĭ tȳ
ĭn′ dĭs pĕn′ sȧ blę, cannot do without, necessary.

FRANKLIN'S INVENTIONS.

The complete list of Franklin's inventions, devices, improvements and discoveries are too numerous to give, as they would cover a dozen or more pages. The following are a few of the best known:

He invented the lightning rod. He believed that lightning and electrical fluid were the same thing and proved it by inventing the Lightning Rod. This electrical discovery at once made him famous in both Europe and America.

He invented the Franklin stove, which economized fuel, and suggested valuable improvements in ventilation and the building of chimneys.

Franklin never applied for a patent. When once urged to do so, he made this reply: We enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others and we should be glad of an opportunity to serve the people by giving any helpful inventions. We should give freely and generously.

He made no money from any of his inventions. The stove device he gave to a friend, an iron founder who made a business of the manufacture of the stoves.

He created the Post Office system of America.

He was the first to introduce advertising and get the people to appreciate its benefits, although it is now an indispensable element in modern business.

CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY —WASHINGTON, D. C.

He promoted the silk culture. He introduced the basket willow.

He suggested the use of mineral manure.

He experimented on the snow with black and white cloth and learned that black would take in more heat than white. He spread a black cloth on the snow and near it placed a white cloth. He watched the effect of the sun's heat and soon discovered that the snow under the black cloth melted away much sooner than that under

the white cloth. Then he pointed out the advisability of dark clothing in winter and white clothing in summer.

He measured the temperature of the Gulf Stream and discovered that northeast storms may begin in the southwest.

He was the first to urge the use of oil as a means of quieting dangerous seas.

He founded the Philadelphia Public Library, which marked the beginning of an intellectual movement of endless good to the whole country. Nothing of the kind had been thought of before. Today the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., is the most beautiful and complete library in the world.

LESSON LXXVI.

ŭt′ mōst′ seōrę

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best shall come back to you.

Give love and love to your heart will flow.
  A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
  Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

LESSON LXXVII.

yŏn dē serȳ′ tŏt′ tēr ĭng tọmb̥
mōōr toil′ sȯme̥ hĭss̥′ ĭng bōlt′ ed slēe̥t
păl′ lĭd, pale. hŏs′ pĭ tȧ ble̥, kind to guests.
făḡ′ ȯt, a bundle of sticks. ĭn elĕm′ ent, stormy, cold.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

Around the fire, one winter night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went around, and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus to gain their willing ears,
A feeble voice was heard to implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor:
The sleet drives hissing in the wind:
Yon, toilsome mountain lies before;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed!"

With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable meal prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their mercy chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

—LUCY AIKIN.

Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

—MARY FRANCES TYLER.

LESSON LXXVIII.

foul wēak′lĭng çĭr′ eŭm stănç eg

THE AMERICAN BOY.

Of course what we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now the chances are strong that he will not be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy.

He must not be a coward nor a weakling, a bully, a shirk, nor a prig. He must work hard and play hard.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud.

In life as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; do not foul and do not shirk, but hit the line hard. —THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

LESSON LXXIX.

spēe̜d	ḡu̜ĭ tär′	ĭn spīre̜d′	lā′bōr ẽrs̱
thrŏng	vī′ ō lĭn′	ĕn dĕa̜v′ ōr	ŏe eā′ siȯn
ā′ erẽs̱	păd′ dĭe̜s̱	prō çēe̜d′ ĭng	eär′ ĭ bo̜u̜
prŏḡ′ rĕss̱	thrăsh′ ĭng	skĭll′ fu̜l lў	ĕx′ ē eū′ tĭng
Phĭl′ ĭpp̱ ĭne̜ Īs̱′ land			ĕn chȧnt′ ĕd

fŏr′ e̜ĭg̱n ẽr, a stranger, an alien.

Lu̜ zōn′, the largest of the Philippine Islands.

prŏv′ ĭnçe̜, a political division, a tract of land.

RICE PLANTING IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

It is an interesting sight to one that has never seen rice planting, to take a trip through the rich provinces of Luzon, during the months of July and August. For this is the busy season for the rice planters. This is also the rainy season which lasts from the last of June until about November.

The rain, however, does not stop the rice planting, for the rice is planted in little fields called paddies, which are fenced around by earth embankments a foot or more high and each field contains from one-half to two acres of land.

These little fields are filled with water by rain or by ditches that carry water from ponds or streams for that purpose.

The earth is first stirred up with a plow drawn by a caribou. This makes the field a genuine mud puddle.

Here the throng of from fifty to two hundred men, women and children dressed for the occasion may be seen in sun and rain planting rice.

A more light-hearted, merry set of laborers would be hard to find. When the rain is not pouring, in the back-

RICE FIELDS—PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.
Harrowing and Plowing. The Native and Caribou.

ground may be observed a jolly set of boys and men playing the violin, guitar and other instruments, producing sweet strains of music, to which the enchanted laborers endeavor to keep time as they quickly and skillfully place the rice plant in its watery bed. Sometimes

the whole throng seem to be inspired by the music and join in a race to see which can make the best progress at the work.

Caribou and man plunge through the mud and water at full speed. The peculiar shaped plow executing the work of stirring the wet soil into a thin mud.

The custom of dress in the field is very appropriate for the occasion. All are barefoot. The men and boys with their trousers well tucked up at the bottom, while the women and girls wear short skirts that are quite becoming.

The work of harvesting and thrashing rice is also a very odd proceeding and fully as interesting to a foreigner. —W. N. RISDON, P. I.

It takes a life-time to build a reputation—a minute to destroy it.

The dark round spot in a man's eye is the only thing to look at while talking to him. If you cannot see it, beware.

LESSON LXXX.

stā′ plȩ̇ ān′ cient (shent) ȩŏn sūmȩ̇s̱′ fôr′ mẽr lў
flā′ võr Ăf′ rĭ ȩȧ ăn′ ȵū al dĭf′ fẽr ĭng
Ā′ sĭ ȧ (shĭ) ăv′ ẽr ā̇ġȩ̇ Lȩ̇u̯′ ï s̱ï ä′ nȧ

ḡlū′ tĕn, an oily food material very strengthening.

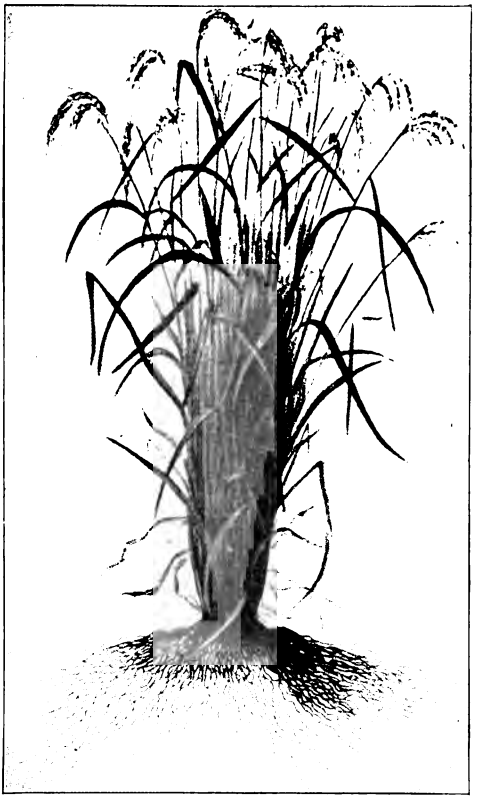
nū trĭ′ tiȯn, power to nourish, to give strength.

ĭr′ rĭ ḡā′ tiȯn, to cause water to moisten, to flow over land.

ĭm′ pōr tā′ tiȯn, brought from abroad, from other countries.

RICE.

Rice forms the principal food of one-half the population of the earth. It is more widely and generally used



SOUTH CAROLINA RICE PLANT.

as a food material than any other cereal. Rice is the staple food in Southern China and India, also some other countries having a tropical climate.

Rice is not so good for food as wheat and some other grains. More than nine-tenths of rice is made up of starch and water, and only about a third of the other tenth is gluten, so that it makes when eaten, more fat than muscle.

Rice first grew in the East Indies, where it has been raised since the most ancient times, but it now grows in all the warm parts of Asia, Africa, and America. It requires much water. In fact a rice field must be flooded, always keeping the head of the plant above the water.

Rice commonly grows three or four feet high and bears its grains in heads much like wheat.

The best rice in the world grows in the United States, in South Carolina and North Carolina. The next best in Japan. This rice is rich in fats and has a fine flavor, and is ranked high among rice-eating nations for its nutrition.

The United States produces less than half the rice it consumes. The average importation is about one hundred and seventy-five million pounds a year.

Rice culture is now one of the leading industries in Louisiana and Texas, where irrigation makes it possible to use land formerly only used for stock grazing.

Rice is an annual plant, belonging to the natural family of the grasses. There are a great many varieties of rice, differing in character, yield and quality.

LESSON LXXXI.

băt′ tl̥	erŭsh̥ed (t)	ăp pla̤u̥d′	ŏp prĕss̥ed′ (t)
vĭe′ tōr	mŏt′ tō	prȧn′ çĭng	ŏp prĕss̥′ ōr
năḡs̱	toil′ ẽrs̱	ăe elāi̤m′	trī ŭm′ phant

IT MUST BE SETTLED RIGHT.

However the battle is ended,
  Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
  And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
  In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
  Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
  May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
  May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
  And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
  Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage,
  Though the enemy seems to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,
  The battle is not yet done.

For sure as the morning follows
  The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
  Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labor,
  O woman young, yet old,
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
  And crushed by the power of gold,
Keep on with your weary battle
  Against triumphant night;
No question is ever settled
  Until it is settled right.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

LESSON LXXXII.

re̱i̧n	brīn′ y̆	quēȩn′ ly̆	ō′ rĭ ent
eûrb	pū′ ny̆	ḡrăn′ ĭtȩ	wȯn′ dro̧ŭs
seôrn	nā′ vy̆	măn′ ā̇ġȩ	pȧnt′ ĭng
rēȩl	dē erēȩd′	pĕa̧s̱′ ant	eŏn çēa̧lȩd′
bōa̧st	dāi̧′ ly̆	bĕl′ lȯw̧s	ĭm pā′ tient
chāi̧n	dĭ vīnȩ′	foun′ ta̧ĭn	(shent)
eāvȩs̱	dē elīnȩ′	făth′ ȯm less̱	out-strĭpp̧ȩd′(t)

THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
  Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
  As the tempest scorns a chain.

How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
  For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
  And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
  A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
  Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel,
  With the toil that he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
  Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
  The flight of the carrier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
  Or the lines of impatient love;—
I could but think how the world would feel,
  As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
  Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
  They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunderblast,
  And laughed in my iron strength.

Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
  On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
  Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
  The mountain's steep decline;
Time, space, have yielded to my power,
  The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
  Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
  Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales wherever I sweep,
  To hear my strength rejoice;
And monsters of the briny deep
  Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
  The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
  The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
  My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
  Or the dawn of the glorious day;

I bring earth's glittering jewels up
  From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
  With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
  In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
  Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
  I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put in print
  On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,
  No bones to be "laid on the shelf;"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
  While I manage the world by myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
  Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
  As the tempest scorns a chain.

—GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand. —THOMAS CARLYLE.

LESSON LXXXIII.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

flăx
mŏth
tȳpe̜
lĭn′ĕn
păr′ĭsh
prĭe̜ke̜d (t)
hăe′kle̜d
rē frĕsh′es̱
prŏb′ȧ ble̜
hĕd̜ġe̜-stāke̜
mōu̜rn′fu̜l lȳ
elẽr′ġȳ man
ŭn eŏm′mȯn lȳ
frăḡ′ments
ĭm pŏs′sĭ bĭl′ĭ tĭe̜s̱

THE FLAX.

The Flax stood in blossom; it had pretty little blue flowers, as delicate as a moth's wings. The sun shone on the Flax, and the rain-clouds moistened it. The rain was just as good for the Flax as it is for little children to be washed and then kissed by their mothers. The children become much prettier, and so did the Flax.

"The people say that I look uncommonly well," said the Flax, "and that I'm fine and long, and will make an excellent piece of linen. How happy I am! I'm certainly the happiest of beings. How well off I am! And I may come to something! How the sun gladdens and the rain refreshes me!"

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the Hedge-stake. "You don't know the world, but I do;" and then he creaked out mournfully:

"Snip-snap-sir!
The song is done."

"No, it is not done," said the Flax, "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will fall, and either will please me. I feel that I'm growing, I know that I'm in blossom, I am the happiest of beings."

But one day the people came and took the Flax by the head and pulled it up by the root. That hurt; and it was laid in water as if they were going to drown it, and then put on the fire as if it were going to be roasted. Oh! it was dreadful!

"One can't always have good times," said the Flax. "One must have experiences, and so learn what life really is."

But bad times certainly came. The Flax was moistened and roasted, and broken and hackled; they did other things to it too. Then it was put on the spinning-wheel—whirl! whirl! whirl—it was not possible to collect one's thoughts.

"I have been uncommonly happy!" it thought in all its pain. "One must be content with the good one has enjoyed! Contented! contented! Oh!" And it continued to say that when it was put into the loom, and until it became a large, beautiful piece of linen. All the Flax, to the last stalk, was used in making one piece.

"But this is quite remarkable! I should never have believed it! How favorable fortune is to me! The Hedge-stake was not well informed, with its:

"Snip-snap-sir!
The song is done."

"The song is not done by any means. Now it's beginning in earnest. That's quite remarkable! If I have suffered, my suffering has made me something. I'm the happiest of all beings. How strong and fine I am, and how white and long. That's something different from being a mere plant; even if one bears flowers, one is not attended to, and only gets watered when it rains. Now, I receive much care; the maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath from the watering-pot every evening. Yes, even the clergyman's wife has made a speech about me, and says I'm the best piece in the whole parish. I cannot be happier!"

Next day the linen was taken into the house and put under the scissors. How they cut and tore it, and then how the sewing women pricked it with needles! That was not pleasant; but twelve garments were made of it—a whole dozen!

"Just look! Now something has really been made of me! So that was my fate! That's a real blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, and that's right, that's a true pleasure."

Years rolled on, and now they would hold together no longer.

"It must be over one day," said each piece. "I would gladly have held together a little longer, but one must not expect impossibilities."

They were now torn into pieces and fragments. They thought it was all over now, for they were hacked to shreds, and softened and boiled; yes, they themselves did not know all that was done to them; but at last they became beautiful white paper.

"Now, that is a surprise, and a glorious surprise!" said the Paper. "Now, I'm finer than before, and I shall be written on: that is a remarkable good fortune."

And really the most beautiful stories and verses were written upon it, and only once there came a blot; that was certainly fortunate. The people read what was upon it; it was sensible and good, and made people much more sensible and better: there was a great blessing in the words that were on this paper.

"That is more than I ever imagined when I was a little blue flower in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever spread joy and knowledge among men? I can't yet understand it myself, but it is really so. I have done nothing but what I was obliged with my weak powers to do for my own preservation, and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honor to another. Each time when I think 'the song is done,' it begins again in a higher and better way. Now I shall certainly be sent about to journey through the world, so that all people may read me. That cannot be otherwise; it's the only

probable thing. I've splendid thoughts, as many as I had pretty flowers in the old times. I'm the happiest of beings."

But the paper was not sent on its travels; it was sent to the printer, and everything that was written upon it was set up in type for a book, or rather for many hundreds of books, for in this way a far greater number could derive pleasure and profit from the book than if the one paper on which it was written had run about the world, to be worn out before it got half-way.

"Yes, that is certainly the wisest way," thought the Written Paper. "I really did not think of that. I shall stay at home, and be held in honor, just like an old grandfather; and I am really the grandfather of all these books. Now something can be effected: I could not have wandered about thus. He who wrote all this looked at me; every word flowed from his pen right onto me. I am the happiest of all beings."

Then the paper was tied together in a bundle, and thrown into a tub that stood in the wash-house.

"It's good resting after work," said the Paper. "It is very right that one should collect one's thoughts. Now I'm able for the first time to think of what is in me, and to know one's self is true progress. What will be done with me now? At any rate I shall go forward again; I'm always going forward. I've found that out."

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

LESSON LXXXIV.

lēa̧	elēa̧vẹ	sẽa̧rch	howl′ĭng
pēẹl	fra̧u̧d	rĕd′den	ŏp prĕss̩′
sẹ̆ĕnt	häu̧nt	mŏss̩′ y̆	ĭn′fants
mōld	swĕll̩	tŭft′ĕd	fru̧i̧t′ ā̆ġẹ
sprāy̆s̱	sprĭg̱s̱	ḡrāz′ĭng	frā′ḡrançẹ
lĕngth′en			ḡrēẹn′swa̧rd′

ILLINOIS APPLE TREE.
Winnebago County.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

Come, let us plant the apple tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.
We plant on the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when the gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky;

While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when above the apple tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth;
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And they who roam beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long hours passed in summer play
In the shade of the apple tree.

But time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh! when its aged branches throw
Their shadows on the world below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the task of mercy be
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day,
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them,
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Believe not each accusing tongue,
As most weak people do;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.

—R. B. SHERIDAN.

LESSON LXXXV.

ḡālȩ	ăz′ụrȩ	wīld′ĭng
ăsp′ ĕn	tĭt′tẽr	bēȩch′en

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
  When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
  And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
  And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
  And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space
  And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
  And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
  There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
  And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
  On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
  Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LESSON LXXXVI.

g̃ōu̧rd	chēa̧t	ȧ chi̧ēvȩ′	plăn′ ĕts
swẽrvȩ	fāi̧l′ ūrȩ	stăt′ ūrȩ	mē′ tẽ õrs̱
		pẽr chȧnçȩ	

PEG AWAY.

If your task you can't get thro'
When you've tried a time or two,
Peg away, peg away!
Gourds, perchance, spring in a night,
But the oak of matchless might
Gained its stature bit by bit—
Learn a lesson, you, from it,
Peg away, peg away!
If you would not be a dunce,
Don't give up the fight at once,
Peg away, peg away!
Meteors flash across the sky

In the twinkling of an eye,
But the planets never swerve;
Study them and keep your nerve,
Peg away, peg away!
If at last you would achieve,
O'er your failures do not grieve,
Peg away, peg away!

Fate has only power to cheat
Him who will accept defeat.
He will win who does not lag
And undaunted flaunts his flag—
Peg away, peg away!

—SUSIE M. BEST.

LESSON LXXXVII.

plŏd	ĭn̲k′ y̆	rāt̸	blŭn′ dẽrs̲
Fränz	rê çīt̸′	trī′ als̲	ĭn′ ward ly̆ (wẽrd)
Bh̸â̸r	ĭm pärt′	ăp pēa̸l′	ĭg̃′ nō rançe̸
blŏt′ tĕd	fĭd′ dle̸	Bĭs′ eāy̆	g̃răm′ mar
ŭt′ tẽr ly̆	ġê ŏg̃′ rȧ phy̆ (f)	Dĕm′ ĭ	ĭm mĕnse̸′ ly̆
hĭn′ dranç es			mŭl′ tĭ plĭ eā′ tiȯn

bo͞ost, help, lift, to give aid.
quāke̸d (t), to shake with fear, to vibrate.
ĭn erĕd′ ū le̸ŭs, unbelieving, skeptical.
ăe′eū rȧ çy̆, correctness, exactness.

NAT'S TRIALS.

PART I.

When Nat went into school on Monday morning, he quaked inwardly, for now he thought he should have to display his ignorance before them all. But Mr. Bhaer gave him a seat in the deep window, where he could turn his back on the others, and Franz heard him say his lessons there. No one could hear his blunders or see how he blotted his copy-book. He was truly grateful for

this, and toiled away so diligently that Mr. Bhaer said, smiling, when he saw his hot face and inky fingers:

"Don't work so hard, my boy; you will tire yourself out, and there is time enough."

"But I must work hard, or I can't catch up with the others. They know a great deal, and I don't know anything," said Nat, who had been reduced to a state of despair by hearing the boys recite their grammar, history, and geography with what he thought amazing ease and accuracy.

"You know a good many things which they don't," said Mr. Bhaer, sitting down beside him, while Franz led a class of small students through the difficult parts of the multiplication table.

"Do I?" and Nat looked utterly incredulous.

"Yes; for one thing you can keep your temper, and Jack, who is quick at numbers, cannot; that is an excellent lesson, and I think you have learned it well. Then, you can play the violin, and not one of the lads can, though they want to do it very much. But, best of all, Nat, you really care to learn something, and that is half the battle. It seems hard at first, and you will feel discouraged, but plod away, and things will get easier and easier as you go on."

Nat's face had brightened more and more as he listened, for, small as the list of his learning was, it cheered him immensely to feel that he had any thing to fall back upon.

"Yes, I can keep my temper—father's punishing taught me that; and I can fiddle, though I don't know where the Bay of Biscay is," he thought, with a sense of comfort impossible to express. Then he said aloud, and so earnestly that Demi heard him:

"I do want to learn, and I will try. I never went to school, but I couldn't help it; and if the fellows don't laugh at me, I guess I'll get on first rate—you and the lady are so good to me."

"They shan't laugh at you; if they do, I'll—I'll—tell them not to," cried Demi, quite forgetting where he was.

The class stopped in the middle of seven times nine, and every one looked up to see what was going on.

Thinking that a lesson in learning to help one another was better than arithmetic just then, Mr. Bhaer told them about Nat, making such an interesting and touching little story out of it that the good-hearted lads all promised to lend him a hand, and felt quite honored to be called upon to impart their stores of wisdom to the chap who fiddled so well. This appeal established the right feeling among them, and Nat had few hindrances to struggle against, for every one was glad to give him a "boost" up the ladder of learning.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

plŭmp	pā′trȯn	shrŭn̲k	ĭn tĕnsȩ′
rŭd′dy̆	À rā′bĭ an	Plŭm′fi̧ēld	flȩŭr′ĭshȩd (t)

chăr′ĭ tȳ whīrl′ĭ gĭgs çĕl′ē brā′tĕd eŭl′tĭ vā′tĕd
pĭnchẹd (t) ēạ′gēr nesṣ Rŏb′ĭn sȯn mĭl′liȯn âịrẹ′
bōōm′ĭng eȯm′fōrt ēr Crụ′sōẹ eär′pĕn trȳ
spĕe′ū lā′tĕd trăns lāt′ed ȧ mūṣẹ′ment ĭn′trĭ eātẹ
rĕv′ĕl ĭng, to make merry, to rejoice.
dĭ lăp′ĭ dā′tĕd, injured by bad usage or neglect.
ĭm môr′tal, one who will never cease to be.
mē ehạn′ĭe, one skilled in shaping and uniting materials.

NAT'S TRIALS.

Part II.

Till he was stronger, much study was not good for Nat, however, and Mrs. Jo found various amusements in the house for him while others were at their books. But his garden was his best medicine, and he worked away like a beaver, preparing his little farm, sowing his beans, watching eagerly to see them grow, and rejoicing over each green leaf and slender stalk that shot up and flourished in the warm spring weather. Never was a garden more faithfully hoed. Mr. Bhaer really feared that nothing would find time to grow, Nat kept up such a stirring of the soil; so he gave him easy jobs in the flower garden or among the strawberries, where he worked and hummed as busily as the bees booming all about him.

"This is the crop I like best," Mrs. Bhaer used to say, as she pinched the once thin cheeks now getting plump and ruddy, or stroked the bent shoulders that were slowly straightening up with healthful work, good food, and the absence of that heavy burden, poverty.

Demi was his little friend, Tommy his patron, and Daisy the comforter of all his woes; for, though the children were younger than he, his timid spirit found a pleasure in their innocent society, and he rather shrunk from the rough sports of the elder lads. Mr. Laurence did not forget him, but sent clothes and books, music and kind messages, and now and then came out to see how his boy was getting on, or took him into town to a concert; on which occasions Nat felt himself translated into the seventh heaven of bliss, for he went to Mr. Laurence's great house, saw his pretty wife and little fairy of a daughter. He had a good dinner, and was made so comfortable, that he talked and dreamed of it for days and nights afterward.

It takes so little to make a child happy, that it is a pity in a world full of sunshine and pleasant things, that there should be any wistful faces, empty hands, or lonely little hearts. Feeling this, the Bhaers gathered up all the crumbs they could find to feed their flock of hungry sparrows, for they were not rich, except in charity. Many of Mrs. Jo's friends who had nurseries sent her the toys of which their children so soon tired, and in mending these Nat found an employment that just suited him. He was very neat and skillful with those slender fingers of his, and passed many a rainy afternoon with his glue-bottle, paint-box, and knife, repairing furniture, animals, and games, while Daisy was dressmaker to the dilapidated dolls. As fast as the toys were mended,

they were put carefully away in a certain drawer which was to furnish forth a Christmas-tree for all the poor children of the neighborhood, that being the way the Plumfield boys celebrated the birthday of Him who loved the poor and blessed the little ones.

Demi was never tired of reading and explaining his favorite books, and many a pleasant hour did they spend in the old willow, reveling over "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," and the other dear immortal stories that will delight children for years to come. This opened a new world to Nat, and his eagerness to see what came next in the story helped him on till he could read as well as anybody, and felt so rich and proud with his new accomplishment, that there was danger of his being as much of a bookworm as Demi.

Another helpful thing happened in a most unexpected and agreeable manner. Several of the boys were "in business," as they called it, for most of them were poor, and knowing that they would have their own way to make by and by, the Bhaers encouraged any efforts at independence. Tommy sold his eggs; Jack speculated in live stock; Franz helped in the teaching, and was paid for it; Ned had a taste for carpentry, and a shop was set up for him in which he turned out all sorts of useful or pretty things, and sold them; while Demi constructed water-mills, whirligigs, and unknown machines of an intricate and useless nature, and disposed of them to the boys.

"Let him be a mechanic if he likes," said Mr. Bhaer. "Give a boy a trade, and he is independent. Work is wholesome, and whatever talent these lads possess, be it for poetry or plowing, it shall be cultivated and made useful to them if possible."

So when Nat came running to him one day to ask with an excited face—

"Can I go and fiddle for some people who are to have a picnic in our woods? They will pay me, and I'd like to earn some money as the other boys do, and fiddling is the only way I know how to do it."

Mr. Bhaer answered readily—"Go and welcome. It is an easy and a pleasant way to work, and I am glad it is offered you."

Nat went, and did so well, that when he came home he had two dollars in his pocket, which he displayed with intense satisfaction, as he told how much he had enjoyed the afternoon, how kind the people were, and how they had praised his music, and promised to have him again.

"It is so much nicer than fiddling in the street, for then I got none of the money, and now I have it all, and a good time besides. I'm in business now as well as Tommy and Jack, and I like it ever so much," said Nat, proudly patting the old pocket-book, and feeling like a millionaire already.

He was in business truly, for picnics were plenty as summer opened, and Nat's skill was in great demand. He was always at liberty to go if lessons were not neg-

lected, and if the pic-nics were respectable young people. For Mr. Bhaer explained to him that a good plain education is necessary for one, and that no amount of money should hire him to go where he might be tempted to do wrong. Nat quite agreed to this, and it was a pleasant sight to see the innocent-hearted lad go driving away in the gay wagons that stopped at the gate for him, or to hear him come fiddling home tired but happy, with his well-earned money in one pocket, and some "goodies" from the feast for Daisy or little Ted, whom he never forgot.

"I'm going to save up till I get enough to buy a violin for myself, and then I can earn my own living, can't I?" he used to say, as he brought his dollars to Mr. Bhaer to keep.

"I hope so, Nat; but we must get you strong and hearty first, and put a little more knowledge into this musical head of yours. Then Mr. Laurence will find you a place somewhere, and in a few years we will all come to hear you play in public."

—FROM "LITTLE MEN," BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

LESSON LXXXIX.

chȧff	chọ̀īr (kw)	smĭth′ y̆
pär′ son	ăn′ vĭl	sĭn′ ew y̆ (ū)
sĕx′ tȯn	wõr′ thy̆	ẇrôụ̀gḥt

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
  When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH. J. F. Herring.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close:
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LESSON XC.

pẽrk~~e~~d (t)	ȧ slȧnt′	Ḡ~~u~~ȳ	~~e~~lŭs′ tẽr~~e~~d
pē~~e~~r~~e~~d	~~e~~ȯv′ ẽrt	brĭsk	sûr ve~~y~~′ ĭng
bŭ~~d~~ġ~~e~~	sa~~u~~′ çĭ ĕst	hŏr′ rĭ bl~~e~~	brĭ′ st~~l~~ĭng
blīg~~h~~t	~~e~~ŏm′ ĭe al	tăt′ tẽr~~e~~d	thrĕ~~a~~t′ en ĭng
ŭn′ dĭs tûrb~~e~~d′			fl~~o~~ŭr′ ĭsh ĭng

THE SCARECROW.

The farmer looked at his
cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered
on every bough;
" I wish I could cheat the
robins," said he;
" If somebody only would
show me how!

CELIA THAXTER.

" I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and bristling head,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and torn—
Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,
  The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
  All the birds flew screaming away in fright.

The robins, who watched him every day,
  Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright,
Surveying the monster, began to say,
" Why should this creature our prospects blight?

" He never moves round for the roughest weather,
  He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
  For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair
  'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
  And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
  In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
That, half-concealed on his ragged breast,
  Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red,
  A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole long day on the ripe fruit fed;
  'Twas so convenient! They ran no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the Guy
For a robin's flourishing family!

—CELIA THAXTER.

LESSON XCI.

trăckĕd (t) dē prīvĕs′ dē vour′ pŏs sĕssĕd′(t)
hârĕ rē trēat′ făn′çy rĕs′ ō lū′tions(shŭn)
rē lief′ ĕn tīrĕ′ lȳ thĭth′ ēr ĕm băr′ rassĕd (t)
bōld′ ēr pûr sūĕd′ whĭms hĕärt′ en ĭng
eȧ nŏĕs dē lū′ sion ĭn elō′ sūrĕ ĭm ăg′ ĭ nā′tion
dĕs′ ō lātĕ tĕr′ rĭ fīĕd ăf frīght′ ed ŭn′ ăc count′ ȧ blĕ
pēr suādĕ′ făn′ çy ĭng ĭm prĕs′ sion ăp′ prē hĕn′ sions

ā′ gūĕ, an acute fever, with chills.
sē cū′ rĭ tȳ, safety, protection.
rĭ dĭc′ ū lŏŭs, laughable, absurd.
ăp′ pȧ rĭ′ tion, a visible object, a form.
ĭn nū′ mēr ȧ blĕ, of great number; countless.
lōth, unwilling, reluctant.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

One day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand.

I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked around me; I could not hear anything nor see anything. I went up to the higher ground to look farther. I went up the shore and down

the shore; but I could see no other impression but that one.

I went again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy. But there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot,—toes, heel and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine.

But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of his mind, I came home to my fortification not feeling, as we say, the ground I

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

went on. I was terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. It is not possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whims came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle—for so I think I called it ever after this—I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; for never frightened hare, fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were. This is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though now I was a great way off.

I presently concluded that it must be some of the savages from the mainland near me who had wandered out to sea in their canoes and driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loth

perhaps to stay in this desolate island as I should have been to have had them.

I was very thankful in my thought, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and so perhaps would have searched farther. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that if so I should certainly see them come in great numbers to devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

It came into my thoughts one day, that all this might be a mere fancy of my own, and that this foot might be the print of my own foot when I came on shore from the boat. This cheered me a little, and I began to persuade myself that it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot.

Heartening myself, therefore, with this belief—that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet—I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock.

As I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should

go down to the shore again and measure this print of a foot by my own.

But when I came to the place, first it appeared evident to me that when I had laid up my boat, I could not have been on shore anywhere thereabouts, secondly when I came to measure the mark with my own foot I found my foot not so large by a great deal.

Both these things filled my head with new imaginations so that I shook with cold, like one in ague and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there, or, in short, that the island was inhabited and that I might be surprised before I was aware, and what course to take for security I knew not.

What ridiculous resolutions men sometimes make when possessed with fear. It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief.

Although I had lived on this island fifteen years and had longed each day for the sight of man, here I was now almost or entirely frightened out of reason with fear that I might see the man or creature who had left his footprints upon the sand.

—DANIEL DEFOE.

LESSON XCII.

jŏg̃	seŏff̧	ạu̯′ dĭ ençe̯
jĕst	sā′ võrs̱	trăet′ ȧ ble̯

eûrsę	prō eūrę′	ăt trĭb′ ūtęs
rē vīlę′	ḡȯv′ ẽrn	ăp păr′ ĕl
sŭb mĭt′	pĕn′ sĭvę	är′ ḡū ment
ăb stāin′	pēą′ eŏęk	phȳ ṡĭ′ cian (f)
prō fĕsṡ′ eṡ	eŏn vẽrsę′	eoun tē nançę
sŭe çēędṡ′	ĭm mŏd′ ĕst	eŏm′ prē hĕn′ sĭvę
ĭn′ tēr rŭpt′	rē prōąch′ fụl	eŏm mĕnd′ ȧ blę

sȧ lūtę′, a bow; greeting; a sign.

ĕs tēęm′, to regard with reverence; respect or friendship.

rĕp′ ū tā′ tiȯn, one's character in public opinion.

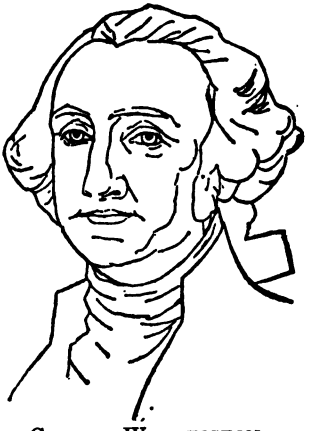
rĕv′ ẽrençę, a token of respect; honor.

ăr′ rō ḡan çȳ, haughtiness; overbearing.

dĭs păr′ ȧġę ment, dishonor; degradation.

RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

George Washington, whom all Americans revere as "the father of his country," was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732, and died at Mount Vernon, Virginia, on the 14th of December, 1799. Although he is better known as a statesman and soldier than as an author, his State documents and letters, and his memorable "Farewell Address" on the occasion of his voluntary retirement to private life, are models of good writing. The accompanying maxims, composed in his youth, were prophetic of the singular thoughtfulness, wisdom, dignity, and uprightness which marked his character and life.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

Be no flatterer; neither play with any one, that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art he himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver anything witty, and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse, nor revile.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, and if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you

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esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him, without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech is ended.

Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

Undertake not what you can not perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

When you speak of God, or His attributes, let it be seriously in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Be but faithful, that is all;
Go right on and close behind thee
There shall follow still and find thee,
Help sure help.

—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

LESSON XCIII.

hīrȩ̀ nō′blў̆ rē̂ s̱ŏlvȩ̀′ ăn̲x′iȯŭs lў̆

mēȧ′ ḡẽr, small amount, scanty, poor.

pẽr′ sē̂ vēr′ançȩ̀, steadfastness, continuance.

vā′ rĭȩ̀d, different, various.

vĭḡ′ õr ȯŭs, strong, energetic.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

One sultry day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing in the field of corn,
And anxiously had waited long
To hear the welcome dinner-horn.
The welcome call was heard at last,
And down he quickly dropp'd his hoe.
The farmer shouted in his ear,
"Hoe out your row! Hoe out your row!"

Although a hard one was the row,
And farmers paid but meager hire,
The lad had work'd from early morn,
And now beginning well to tire;
"I can," said he, and manfully
He seized again his fallen hoe.
The good man, pleased, now smiled to see
The farmer's boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remember'd long,
And often proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end,
At last will always nobly tell.
Take courage then, resolve you can,
And strike an earnest, vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil,
Hoe out your row, hoe out your row.

LESSON XCIV.

THE COUNTRY FAITH.

Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all!

—NORMAN GALE.

LESSON XCV.

prōnȩ̀ prĭnçȩ̀ ĕm brāçȩ̀′ ĕn eoun′tẽr
lĭȩ̀k jū′ rў̆ fi̧ērçȩ̀′ lў̆ prĭv′ĭ lĕġȩ̀
wounds̱ pa̤ȵ′ pẽr ăb′sō lūtȩ̀ ăe eȯm′pȧ nў̆ ĭng

trāi̧′ tõrs̱, those who betray a trust, or confidence.
săc′rĭ fīçȩ̀d, lost, destroyed.
ȧ lẽrt′, quick, prompt.
pûr sūȩ̀′, go, continue.
prŏs pĕr′ĭ tў̆, good fortune, success.
trĕȧch′ ẽr ȯŭs, false, faithless.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or his daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most.

A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure set-

tles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to

offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks

no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.—Extract from speech by the late Senator Vest of Missouri.

LESSON XCVI.

lēa̧l	seăn	whīnȩ
erownȩd	hŏm′ ā̇ġȩ	Blăn̲′eō
ĭn fôrmȩd′	roy′ al lў	fri̧ĕnd′ shĭp
hū mĭl′ ĭ tў	dŭn′ ġȩȯn	çŏn fĕsşȩd′ (t)

sĕn′ tĭ nel, one who watches or guards. văs′ sal, a slave, servant.

TO MY DOG BLANCO.

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
  A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
  My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
  Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
  Between your soul and mine!

For all the good that I have found
  Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
  Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
  For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
  And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
  Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
  Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
  As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
  But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
  More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
  To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast—
  The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed,
  And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility,—

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine!

—JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

LESSON XCVII.

wąrp
ĭn ḡrăt′ĭ tūdę, ungrateful, not thankful.

hęīgh′-hō
fe̱ig̀n′ĭng, pretending, false, insincere.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou are not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LESSON XCVIII.

bī′ blȩ̀
hēȧ̀l′ ĭng
slōp′ ĭng
erē ā′ tōr
mĭn̲′ ḡlȩ̀d
bēȩ̀ch′ ĕs̲
pŏp′ lars̲ (ē)
jȩ̀ûr′ nȩ̀ȳȩ̀d
mȧ rōōn′ a brownish or dull red of any description.

ăsh
hūȩ̀s̲
çĕlls̲
pärch
rŏt′ tĭng
tŭȩ̀k′ ĭng
smōōth′ ĭng

rāġȩ̀
sĭlk′ ȳ
här′ vĕst ēr
hĭȩ̀k′ ō rĭȩ̀s̲
yĕl′ lōw̧ ēr
seôrch′ ĭng

săs′ sȧ frăs, a certain kind of trees with aromatic bark, leaves and roots, often used for medical purposes.

USES OF LEAVES.

We read in the Bible that the leaves of the tree of life are for the healing of the nations. The leaves of some of the trees that are now upon the earth are good for healing, and in a certain sense they are all "trees

of life." We can see how true this is if we study the ways of God in nature; for we learn that if there were no leaves, everything on the earth would die. Without leaves, or something to take their place, all the trees, grasses, vegetables, and grains would die; and then all animals and people would die, because there would be nothing to eat.

Plants are the food-makers for animals and men. From air, earth, and water they take certain substances, and with those substances they make food. Men, with all their learning, cannot do this: it is only the plants that have this secret. The greater part of this food-making is done in the leaves; and without leaves the other parts of the plant could do nothing, because they would all die.

Who would dream that leaves are so busy,—making nuts in the forest, fruit in the orchard, and vegetables in the garden? They never lose a moment of sunshine, and rest only at night.

And then, besides all this, they have to make the leaves that are to grow the next year, tucking them up in bud-cradles, and storing up food for them to live on till they get big enough to make food for themselves. What a great work they have to do, and all of it to be done in one short season! One would think they must work very fast, and so they do. I suppose that a growing tree makes more little cells in a day than a person could count in a lifetime; yet the leaves have to prepare the stuff that these cells are made of.

The leaves have another work to do,— a work as wonderful as food making. It is to keep the air pure, and fit for men and animals to breathe. We do not often think how much we owe to the leaves!

There is a great deal of air on the earth, and there are a great many people and a great many animals to breathe it. Now it is true that the air that has been once breathed is not fit to breathe again until it has been made pure in some way; for, in making the blood pure in the lungs, there is a gas formed that goes out with the breath and poisons the air.

But the same thing that makes the air bad to breathe, is just what the plants like; so they take it up from the air that goes through their leaves, and send the air back pure. The air gets into the leaves through thousands of little mouths on the under side of each leaf, and when it has journeyed all through the leaf, it goes out as it came in, and leaves room for more air to do the same. This is going on all the time; for in making plant-food the leaves use this very substance that they take from the air. This gas is poison to us when we breathe it, but it does no harm in food. So the leaves make the air pure by taking from it nothing but what they can use in their great work of making food. To be sure, a leaf cannot hold much air; but it keeps taking in and giving out all the time, and so does a great deal of work in a day. And then, too, think how many millions of them there are—and all of them at work for man and beast.

But the breathing of men and animals is not the only thing that makes the bad gas that poisons the air. All the fires that burn, make this gas. Think of the fires that are used in houses, to keep people warm and to cook food; of the great forest fires, that sometimes rage for weeks; of the fires that make steam to send the cars all over the land, and the great ships across the sea.

It is a trouble to heat irons for smoothing our clothes; so a smoothing iron was invented with a hollow place inside to hold live coals. There was a cover to fit over the coals and the cover had a little chimney in it to let out the gas as the coals burned. In this way the iron was kept hot all the time, and in a very cheap way. In the summer time, when doors and windows are open, this plan seemed to work very well; but when cold weather came on, and the doors and windows had to be closed, the gas made the ironing girl sick; and in a few cases, where the room was small, the girl was poisoned to death. This shows how much bad gas a few coals can make. Every burning lamp, too, makes bad gas; so it is not good to keep a lamp or an oil stove burning in a room where any one is sick.

There are other ways, also, for making bad gas. Every old log, or anything else that is rotting, poisons the air, little by little, just as it is made impure by the breathing of animals or the burning of anything by fire. The rotting of anything is a kind of slow burning, and gives off heat like any other kind of burning, only not so fast. You

may have noticed some piles of rubbish that rotted so fast that the middle of the heap became hot. When a pile of damp hay or grain does this, the farmer says it is "heating." It has really begun to rot, and is slowly burning up.

Think of the millions upon millions of dead leaves that are rotting on the ground in the great forests. There they lie—burning, burning,—very slowly, to be sure, but burning; yet they make as much gas as they would if they were raked together and burned with fire. And all this gas is mixing with the air. Can the living leaves use it all? If too many of them are not destroyed, they will use it so fast that there will not be enough in the air to harm any one.

What a work leaves have to do! Can any one look at a living leaf and not think of the work it is doing? or at a dead one without thinking of its life history?

Leaves do not cease to be useful when they die. They not only enrich the soil, but falling year by year, and decaying so slowly, they make a thick, warm blanket for the ten thousand tender buds and underground stems that are hidden beneath.

But leaves have other ways still of being useful. They bless the earth by their shade and by their beauty. What would a summer be without leaves? The earth would be a burning desert where no one would care to live, instead of being a garden of beauty.

The dead leaves in the forest keep the rain from run-

ning off into the streams, and hold it where it will soak into the ground and feed the roots. The living leaves, above, catch the sunlight, and keep the ground from drying out too fast.

A little moisture goes out of the leaves into the air all the time, and makes it pleasant to breathe. When the leaves get so dry that they cannot spare any more moisture, they shut their millions of mouths, and then our lips parch, and the air seems scorching. Men who have traveled in countries where there are no trees say that they seem to be between two fires,—the burning earth beneath, and the blazing sky above.

If anything about leaves is more pleasant than the shade they give, it is their beautiful form and color. When they first come out in the spring, they are as soft and tender as the skin of an infant. How one loves to step in among little poplars that stand close together, and take both arms full of branches! How they flutter around one's face, and seem to tell of everything pure and innocent! And then the fresh young leaves of the wild cherry! What a fine smell they have! How silky they are to the touch, and how beautiful in color!

As the leaves grow older, they may be more glossy; but they are thicker and tougher, and show much strength. But just before they go, they are more beautiful than ever before.

No one can describe them as they are, and no one can paint them. Some of the woodbines, as the sun shines

upon them, seem almost as bright as the rainbow, though they have not so many colors. A grove of young sassafras on a sloping bank is as glorious as a sunset. The leaves are scarlet, and orange, and gold, and yellow, and all the hues between,—blending and running into one another as nothing but the hand of the Creator could picture them.

And there are the maples,—red and yellow, and splashed with blood. Here is a tree with a part of it as red as flame, while the rest is a dark green.

Yonder is another, with some of the leaves red, some green, and some half red and half green; and these colors are so mingled all through the thick, leafy top of the tree that it looks as if a thousand little torches had been lit in the midst of it.

By the side of the road are some tall oak shoots that have grown from the stumps of small trees that were cut down last year. It would be hard to think of anything more beautiful than their leaves,—maroon, crimson, and dark green blended together.

Over there are some hickories, yellower than golden grain that is waiting for the harvester.

Down near the river are some ash trees with a kind of greenish-brown color that I cannot describe; but none of the bright colors are quite so charming to my eye as the modest colors of these ash leaves, and the leaves of some beeches. Look at those beeches on the hillside above the river;—what would one not give if he could hang them up

in his room, and have them stay that color all through the year? But they are prettier just where nature has placed them. Let us enjoy them as they are, and praise the Giver for such a grand sight once a year.

LESSON XCIX.

pīȩd	pŏmp	eōnȩ	jäụn′ tȳ
moil	swạrd	fĕs′ tal	är′ tĭ ṣănṣ
rē′ ḡal	spēạrȩd	rē pŭb′ lĭe an	hăb′ ĭ tūdȩ
hôr′ nĕt	hō rī′ zȯn	pĭȩk′ ēr ĕl	băp′ tĭṣmṣ
snout′ ed	tôr′ tȩĭsȩ	eŏm′ plĕx	ôr′ eḥĕs trȧ
pew′ tēr (pū)	stŭb′ blȩ	Hĕs pĕr′ ĭ dēṣ	ĕs chew′ ĭng(ụ)

tĕn′ ants, dwellers, occupants. är′ eḥĭ tĕe′ tūr al, pertaining to style or art of building.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,

Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew,
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,

Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LESSON C.

whạrf	ẇhōōps	här′ bõr
ŏp pōs̱ẹ̀d′	rē̂ pēạ̀lẹ̀d′	är′ tĭ eles̱
tăx ā′ tiȯn	eŏn trōl′	pā′ trĭ ŏts
prē̂ s̱īd′ ed	S̆ăm′ ū el	wĭt′ nĕss̱ẹ̀d (t)
Lĕx′ ĭng tȯn	Ăn năp′ ō lĭs	rĕp′ rē̂ s̱ĕn tā′ tiȯn

rĕp′ ū tȧ blẹ̀, honorable, good, respectable.

Mō′ hạẇk, the name of a tribe of Indians.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

The most celebrated tea party in the world was in Boston, on December 16, 1773.

It began in the old South Church Meeting-House and ended in the Harbor.

Samuel Adams, who later became president of the United States, presided at the meeting in the church.

Early in the evening the church was packed to the doors and the pavement outside was crowded with pa-

triots, who were waiting to hear the last word from the Governor. The crowd numbered about five thousand people and included those from the country and nearby villages.

When the committee returned from the Governor and reported that he refused to send the tea back to Eng-

land, Samuel Adams arose and said in a loud voice, "The meeting declares it can do nothing more to save the country!" Then some one in the crowd called out, "Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?"

Later on war whoops sounded, and a voice cried out, "Boston Harbor a teapot to-night!" "Hurrah! hurrah!"

shouted the crowd of fifty men, who were painted and dressed like Mohawk Indians, and armed with hatchets. They hurried down to the wharf. Here they boarded the ships, chopped and broke open the tea chests, then threw the three hundred and fifty chests of tea into the water. A crowd witnessed this work in silence, then quietly marched away to their homes.

The men who did this work for principle's sake were all honorable and reputable citizens.

At this time the United States consisted of but thirteen colonies, which had been founded by Englishmen, and were under the control of the British Government.

George the Third was King of England. He wished to secure money from the colonies by means of taxation, and also show the colonies that the British Government had a right to tax them. So a tax was placed on a number of articles, among these tea.

The colonists were not permitted to have any part in the making of the laws which were to affect them. This they did not feel was fair. They did not believe in taxation without representation, in other words they did not believe they should be taxed without a voice in making the laws which were to affect them and a say as to what their taxation should be. But the King refused them this right.

So the colonists opposed all the unjust laws and the taxation on the various articles. They did this in such an earnest and forceful manner that the King soon re-

pealed the taxation on all articles save tea. This he declared would not be repealed. Then the colonists declared they would drink no more tea until the tax was removed.

Tea continued to be sent to Boston and to other colonial harbors, but the colonists would not buy it. At Charleston it was unloaded and stored in damp cellars where it soon spoiled. The ships sent to Philadelphia and New York were not permitted to unload the tea and it was returned to England. At Annapolis the tea was burned. At Boston the Governor refused to send the tea back and the colonists would not let it be unloaded, so planned the great tea party.

This tea party was one of the first acts that led to the War of the Revolution which gave us our independence. The first battle was at Lexington, near Boston. The Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress on July 4, 1776.

Dare to do right; dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,—
Stand like a hero, and battle till death!

LESSON CI.

dē çīd̸e̸′
dē′ mŏns̱
mōld′ y̆
w̸rēa̸th
hĕll̸
c̸rouch′ es̱
vī′ ō lenç̸e̸
ăc̸ c̸ûrst′
mûr′ dẽr ẽrs̱
săc̸′ rĭ fīç̸e̸
dĭs̱ ēa̸s̱e̸′
w̸rĕt̸ch′ ed

g̱rŏv′ el ĭng, low, debased.
tĕn′ ē ment, a dwelling house, a house built to rent.
văm′ pīr̸e̸, a creature who lives by preying on others.
rṷ′ ĭn o̸ŭs, destructive.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say.
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."

Ah, no, indeed! 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And, if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast today.

The price of a drink? Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, and wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim—
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of a drink from day to day.

The price of a drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go

Through the wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the moldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
And innocent ones are thus accurst
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay; and, whoever will keep account,
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?

—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

LESSON CII.

chĭp	ĭg̅ nōrȩ̀d′	Bûr′ ton
mĕd′ al	sŭs pĕnsȩ̀′	g̅rōȧnȩ̀d
chärr̥ȩ̀d	hū mānȩ̀′	Här′ dĭng
ȧ mĕnds̱′	tĕn′ ant ed	mĕn′ tiȯnȩ̀d
rĭsk′ ĭng	dē sȩ̀ĕnd′ ed	ĭg̅ nōr′ ĭng
Stē̱r′ lĭng	ȧ chi̧ēvȩ̀′ ment	ĭl lŭs′ trĭ ȯ̆ŭs

ȧ eăd′ ē mў môr′ tĭ fĭ eā′ tiȯn eŏm pŭl′ siȯn
wēȧk′ enȩd rĕe′ ŏḡ nī′ zĭng ĕx′ plȧ nā′ tiȯn
ăe quāint′ ançȩ

frăn′ tĭe, violent, raving. cȯŭr ā′ ġȩȯŭs, brave, gallant, daring.

TRUE COURAGE.

Ralph—Good morning, Cousin Laura! I have a word to say to you.

Laura—Only a word! It is yet half an hour until school time, and I can listen.

Ralph—I saw you yesterday speaking to that fellow Sterling—Frank Sterling.

Laura—Of course I spoke to Frank. What then? Is he too good to be spoken to?

Ralph—Far from it. You must give up his acquaintance.

Laura—Indeed, Cousin Ralph! I must give up his acquaintance? On what compulsion must I.

Ralph—If you do not wish to be ignored by all the boys of the academy, you must ignore Frank.

Laura—Ignore! What do you mean by ignore?

Ralph—By ignore, I mean not recognizing an individual. When a boy who knows you, passes you without speaking or bowing, he ignores you.

Laura—I thank you for the explanation. And I am to understand that I must either give up the acquaintance of my friend Frank, or submit to the terrible mortification of being "ignored" by Mr. Ralph Burton and his companions!

Ralph—Certainly. Frank is a boy of no spirit—in short, a coward.

Laura—How has he shown it?

Ralph—Why, a dozen boys have dared him to fight, and he refuses to do it.

Laura—And is your test of courage a willingness to fight? If so, a bull-dog is the most courageous of gentlemen.

Ralph—I am serious, Laura; you must give him up. Why, the other day Tom Harding put a chip on a fellow's hat, and dared Frank Sterling to knock it off. But Sterling folded his arms and walked off, while we all groaned and hissed.

Laura—You did? You groaned and hissed? Oh, Ralph, I did not believe you had so little of the true gentleman about you!

Ralph—What do you mean? Come, now, I do not like that.

Laura—Were you at the great fire last night?

Ralph—Yes; Tom Harding and I helped work one of the engines.

Laura—Did you see that boy go up the ladder?

Ralph—Yes; wouldn't I like to be in his shoes! They say the Humane Society are going to give him a medal; for he saved a baby's life and no mistake—at the risk of his own, too; everybody said so; for the ladder he went up was all charred and weakened, and it broke short off before he got to the ground.

Laura—What boy was it?

Ralph—Nobody could find out, but I suppose the morning paper will tell us all about it.

Laura—I have a copy. Here's the account: "Great fire; house tenanted by poor families; baby left in one of the upper rooms; ladder much charred; firemen too heavy to go up; boy came forward, ran up; seized an infant; descended safely; gave it into arms of frantic mother."

Ralph—Is the boy's name mentioned?

Laura—Ay! Here it is! And who do you think he is?

Ralph—Do not keep me in suspense.

Laura—Well then, he's the boy who was so afraid of knocking a chip off your hat—Frank Sterling—the coward, as you called him.

Ralph—No! Let me see the paper for myself. There's the name, sure enough, printed in capital letters.

Laura—But, cousin, how much more illustrious an achievement it would have been for him to have knocked a chip off your hat! Risking his life to save a chip of a baby was a small matter compared with that. Can the gratitude of a mother for saving her baby make amends for the ignominy of being ignored by Mr. Tom Harding and Mr. Ralph Burton?

Ralph—Don't laugh at me any more, Cousin Laura. I see I've been stupidly in the wrong. Frank Sterling is no coward. I'll ask his pardon this very day.

Laura—Will you? My dear Ralph, you will in that case show that you are not without some courage.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any thing. —SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Think truly, and thy thought shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and noble creed.

LESSON CIII.

dĕs′ tĭn̨ed̨ ȧ chi̧ēv′ĭng ĕn joy′ment
sŭb līm̨e̦′ mŭf′ fl̨ed̨ slŭm′ bẽrs̱
mōu̧rn′ fu̧l, sorrowful, sad. bĭv′ ọ u̧ăc (or wăk), watch, guard.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act!—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LESSON CIV.

swĕll̥ȩd	Ḡôr′ don	foun dā′ tiȯns̱
thē′ ō rў	măn′ āġȩd	rĕe′ ŏḡ nĭ′ tiȯn
sēn′ iōr (yōr)	prĕs̱′ ĭ den çў	ĕs tăb′ lĭsh ment
mȧ nĭl′ ȧ	ē eŏn′ ō mў	eăl′ eū lā′ tiȯn

ĕe çĕn′ trĭe, odd, peculiar. prō prī′ ē tōr, owner.

MY FIRST LESSON IN ECONOMY.

We have all read of foundations of fortunes having been laid by saving bits of string, and other eccentric methods of economy, and naturally when at the age of sixteen I secured a position in a good-sized grocery store, I wanted to make a good impression on the proprietor in whose establishment there was plenty of opportunity to practice the string-saving theory of accumulating wealth.

There were two of us to whom fell the work of boxing and shipping orders. We were quite busy some days, and I swelled with pride when I saw the senior partner taking notice of how I pulled out and straightened the old nails.

During the first week I was there I did not use one new "store-nail," having managed to straighten out enough old ones. Of course I didn't nail up as many cases as John my partner, but I was saving money for the firm.

On Saturday afternoon they paid off at four o'clock, and when the bookkeeper handed me my little manila pay-envelope he said, "Mr. Gordon would like to speak to you in the office."

I hardly need say it was unexpected to receive recognition so soon, and I went into the office prepared to accept any advance up to the presidency of the firm.

"My boy," said Mr. Gordon, "in a few words I wish to explain to you that I have noticed your painstaking efforts to practice economy in regard to nails. Now nails cost money, but, if you will take time to make a simple calculation, you will readily see that the wages paid you while straightening out enough nails to nail up one case would pay for all the nails you could use in a week, and the rest of that time would be clear profit to the firm. Remember, my boy, that the time spent in trying to use something over again that was made to be used only once is that much time thrown away.

"Time is money and I do not wish you to throw away money. I know you meant well, but straightening nails was not economy for the house.

"Remember, my boy, that time is money and in the future see that your time is employed in a valuable and useful way. Good-night."

Guard well within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.

—GEORGE SAND.

LESSON CV.

ŭn dȯnȩ′ eoun′ sĕl häu̧nt′ ĭng hȩärth′ sȯmȩ

IT ISN'T THE THING YOU DO.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of heartache
  At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten;
  The letter you did not write;
The flower you did not send, dear,
  Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
  Out of a brother's way;
The bit of hearthsome counsel
  You were hurried too much to say.

The loving touch of the hand, dear,
  The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time or thought for
  With trouble enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness
  So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
  Which we poor mortals find.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
  At the setting of the sun.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

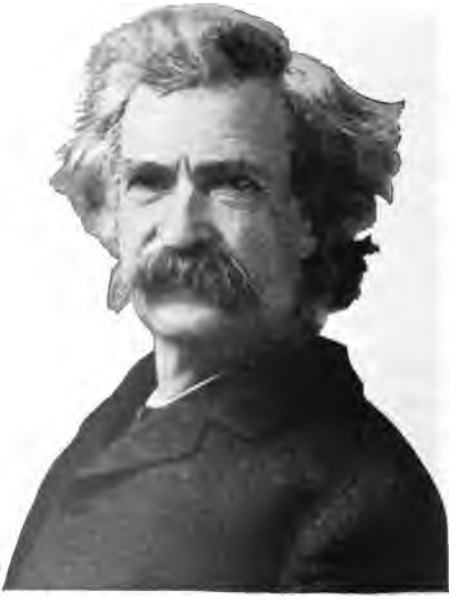
LESSON CVI.

jēe̜r	ăb sôrbe̜d′	bănk′ rŭpt ed	Mōnt̜′ Blanc′ (blŏn)
trăsh	sla̜u̜gh̜′ tēr	ĭn′ spĭ rā′ tiȯn	eŏn′ tĕm plā′ tĕd
săsh	dē eănt′ ēr	stär′ bōa̜rd′	hŭr′ rĭ eāne̜-dĕe̜k′
Pŏl′ lў	lĭt′ ēr al lў	Mĭss̜ o̜u̜′ rĭ	ĕx′pē dĭ′ tiȯns̱
rĕe̜k′ on	strāi̜t′ en	ĭn′ tēr vals̱	dē lĭ′ cioŭs (lĭsh ŭs)
ăt tāi̜n′	lȧ bō′ rĭ o̜ŭs	trăṉ′ quĭl lў	eŏm′ prē hend′
eȯv′ ĕt	erĭt′ ĭ çīs̱e̜d	ĕx ĭst′ ençe̜	pēr′ sȯn ā′ tĭng
Sa̜w̜′ yēr	ḡāu̜ġe̜-eŏe̜ks	ĕx chānġe̜′	ăn tĭç′ ĭ pā′ tiȯn
rĭd′ ĭ eūle̜	ȧ lăe′ rĭ tў	mē lō′ dĭ o̜ŭs	mĕl′ ăn eh̜ŏl ў
lär′ bōa̜rd′	rē lŭe′ tançe̜	ĕx′ ē eū′ tĭng	jew′s̱′-harp′ (jūz)

ĭn′ sĭḡ nĭf′ ĭ eant, immaterial, unimportant. măḡ nĭf′ ĭ çent, grand in appearance, glorious.

HOW TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHED HIS FENCE.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit.



"MARK TWAIN."

Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the

topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewash streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box, discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong,—for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to, ponderously, and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for

he was personating the "Big Missouri," and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, and captain, and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the starboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-chow!" His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles—for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the larboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the starboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the larboard! Come ahead on the starboard. Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line. Lively, now! Come—out with your spring line—what're you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engine, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! Sh't! Sh't! Sh't!" (trying the gaugecocks.)

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment, and then said:

"Hi-yi! you're a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist: then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said, "Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly, and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course, you'd rather work, wouldn't you? 'Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered, carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it? Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintly back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested,

more and more absorbed. Presently he said: "Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered—was about to consent—but he altered his mind:

"No, no, I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come, now, let me just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now let me try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afraid—"

"I'll give you all of it."

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents.

There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, a part of a jewsharp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog,—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

Tom had had a nice good idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this, he would now have comprehended that

work consisted of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do, and this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a tread-mill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement.

—MARK TWAIN.

NOTE.—Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden.

"Be not simply good, be good for something."

LESSON CVII.

shēa̧vȩs̱ wāv′ĭng flēȩt′ĭng trĕm′blĭng

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand;
  Pause not for toil and pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
  Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
  For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
  A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
  To eat your hard-earned bread;
Sow, while the earth is broken,
  For the hungry must be fed.

Sow;—while the seeds are lying
  In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it—
  They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
  Perchance, for the tears you weep.

OAT FIELD—WINNEBAGO COUNTY, ILL.

Then sow;—for the hours are fleeting,
  And the seed must fall today;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
  Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
  Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow;—and look onward, upward,
  Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
  Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
  You have sown today in tears.

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

LESSON CVIII.

sŏd	fûrl~~e~~d	rĭp′ pled	thrĭll′ ĭng
fẽr′ vĭd	ḡär′ land	trī′ ŭmph (f)	shĭm′ mẽr ĭng
stär~~r~~~~e~~d		mă̆n′ ĭ fōld, various in kind or quality, numerous, many, multiplied.	
shē~~a~~f, a bundle of grain or straw.			

SONG OF THE WHEAT.

I had dreams when days were darkest—in the loneliness of night,
I was dreaming of the gleaming and the streaming of the light;
And the sod that whispered secrets to the blossom and the leaf
Sent me shimmering, shining sunward to the splendor of the sheaf!

The wind that tossed my tresses sang of treasures manifold,
The dew and star and sunlight gave their glory to my gold;

And I heard a far rejoicing, and the tempest-flags were furled
And my golden banners rippled all my riches round the world!

I heard the songs of cities, and in the shadowed dells
The ringing and the singing of all the golden bells;
For I wove the blue sky's beauty, the sunlight and the rains,
In an answer to the valleys and the pleading of the plains.

I have sweetened fervid summers, I have starred the winter's snow
And gladdened homes with garlands, and made the hearth-fires glow;
And my story is my glory, and my triumph is complete—
They march beneath my banners, to the thrilling song of wheat!

LESSON CIX.

Ĕd′ward	nū′trĭ tĭvẹ	vīr′tū al lȳ	Rŭs′sia (Rŭsh′a)
lĕss′en	eŏn çēd′ed	eŏn sūm′ērs	prō dŭe′tĭvẹ nĕss
är′gūẹd	Bō hē′mĭ a	ma tē′rĭ al lȳ	ăg′rĭ eŭl′tūr al
çĕn′tral	Hŭn′ga rȳ	Mĕn′nŏn ītẹ	ŭn doubt′ed lȳ
ĕv′ĭ dençẹ	Vĭe tō′rĭ a	rē′mŏd′ĕl ĭng	pēr sĭst′ent lȳ
rē lĭ′a blȳ	va rī′ē tĭẹs	eŏn strŭe′tion	eŏn sĭd′ēr a blȳ

ū nique (nēk), unequaled, without a like.

ĭm′mĭ grants, those who come to a country for the purpose of permanent residence.

dĭs păr′ăgẹd, to depreciate, to undervalue.

ē′eō nŏm′ĭe al lȳ, with careful management, savingly.

ăp pâr′ent lȳ, plainly, evidently.

KANSAS WHEAT.

Kansas is virtually the only portion of America producing the famous hard red wheat in considerable quantities. The state is unique in this as in many other things. The seed was first experimented with in some of the central counties in 1877, being brought by Mennonite immigrants from southern Russia, near the Black sea. These people apparently understood much better than Americans its hardy productiveness and real value.

For years following its introduction it was disparaged by American millers and grain-buyers, who claimed that its flinty character made it so difficult to grind as to materially lessen its market value.

The farmers, however, persevered in sowing it and the production steadily increased, although they were compelled to accept in the markets from ten to fifteen cents per bushel below what buyers and millers were willing to pay for the softer and much better known varieties yielding considerably fewer bushels per acre.

They persistently argued that it was more profitable to raise a wheat that would reliably yield them, one year with another, from eighteen to forty bushels per acre, even though selling for but seventy cents per bushel, than to raise a crop selling for eighty or eighty-five cents per bushel and yielding perhaps only twelve to fifteen bushels.

This, in the course of a few years, compelled millers to devise ways and means for more successfully and eco-

A KANSAS WHEATFIELD—RILEY COUNTY.

nomically converting this hard wheat into flour, and there were brought into use devices and processes for softening the grain by steaming and moistening before grinding. These are now in general use, and are considered indispensable wherever the hard wheats are floured.

This required a general remodeling of such mills as were already built, and the construction of the later mills on plans in some respects entirely different from the old; and now, the Kansas hard-wheat flours have become famous in the world's most exacting markets as superior to all others, wherever made, in America, and are conceded equal to the flours made in Hungary from wheats grown in that country and in Bohemia.

The hard winter wheat of Kansas, now stands for the world's white-loaf bread, or "light-bread."

For some years King Edward of England has had his wheat-bread made from Kansas flour and would use no other. His illustrious mother, the late Queen Victoria, first required its use in the Royal kitchen.

Today Kansas wheat-flour is known in every civilized country on the globe. In foreign markets, Kansas hard-wheat-flour has gained a reputation distinctly its own.

The United States agricultural reports furnish the evidence that Kansas wheat is undoubtedly the richest in nutritive elements of any wheat in the world. When this fact becomes generally known and understood by bakers and wheat-consumers, Kansas wheat will bring the very highest prices in all the markets of the world.

"Let the golden grain of Kansas go forth to feed the multitude. May it give them strength of body and purity of soul."

SUCCESS.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much.

Who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children.

Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task.

Who has left the world better than he found it.

Who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it.

Who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had.

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's scanty sum a little more.

LESSON CX.

dē′ tāi̯ls̱ vĕn′ tūrȩ zĕȧl′ ȯŭs lў
prŏmpt thrĕsh′ ōld pŏs̱′ ĭ tĭvȩ lў
lēi̯′ s̱ūrȩ
vē răç′ ĭ tў, truthfulness. ĭn tĕḡ′ rĭ tў, honesty.

ALPHABET OF SUCCESS.

Attend carefully to details.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well; then decide positively.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few special acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to every one a kindly greeting.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.

—SELECTED.

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